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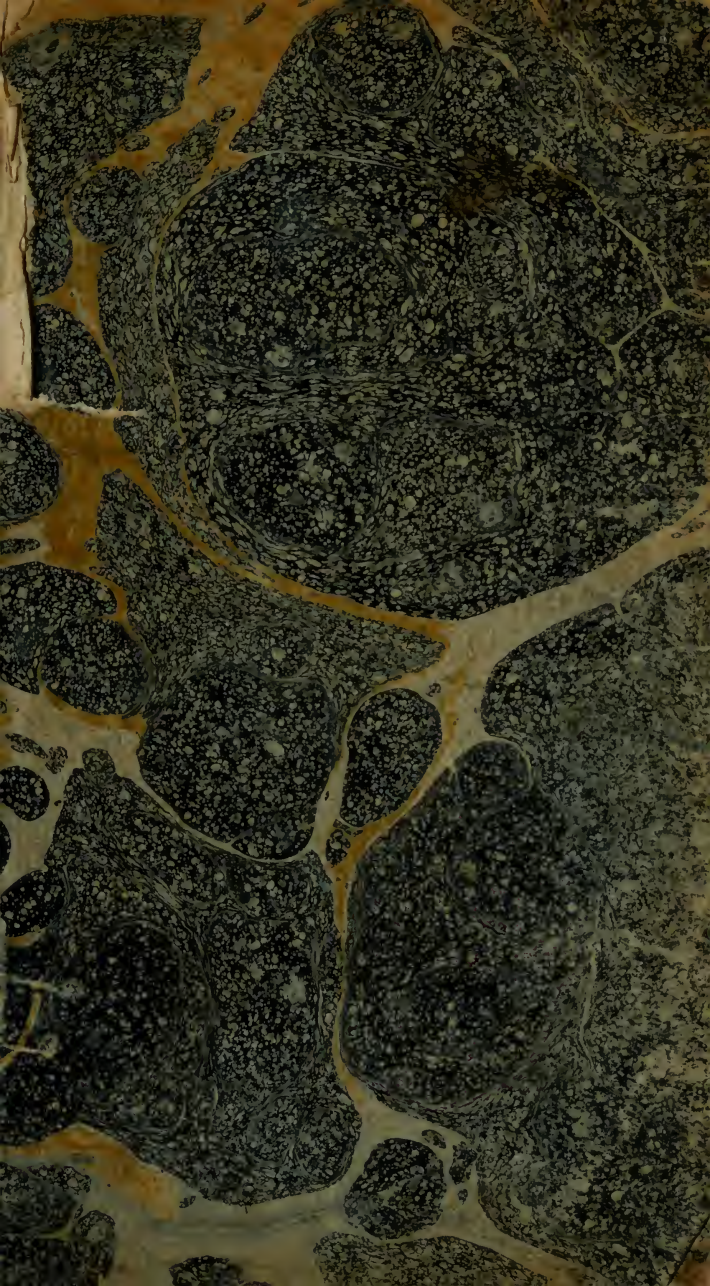

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THE

WHOLE BOOK

OF

PSALMS,

IN METRE;

WITH

HYMNS,

SUITED TO THE

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND OTHER OCCASIONS

OF

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HUDSON:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM E. NORMAN.

A. Stoddard, printer.....1814.

BY the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States *of* America, *in Convention, this* 13*th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine—*

This Translation of the Whole Book of Psalms into Metre, with Hymns, is set forth, and allowed to be sung in all Congregations of the said Church, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister.

And it shall be the duty of every Minister of any Church, either by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint the Portions of Psalms which are to be sung.

And further, it shall be the duty of every Minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the Tunes to be sung, at any time, in his Church: And, especially, it shall be his duty, to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance; by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the Sanctuary.

THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

IN METRE.

Psalm 1.

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk ;
2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find ;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.
5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face :
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.
6 For God approves the just man's ways ;
To happiness they tend :
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

Psalm 2.

WITH restless and ungovern'd rage,
Why do the heathen storm ?
Why in such rash attempts engage,
As they can ne'er perform ?
2 The great in council and in might
Their various forces bring ;
Against the Lord they all unite,
And his anointed King.
3 "Must we submit to their commands ?"
Presumptuously they say :
"No, let us break their slavish bands,
"And cast their chains away."
4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
And sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring strength defy,
And mocks their vain design.
5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break
On his rebellious foes ;
And thus will he in thunder speak
To all that dare oppose :
6 "Though madly you dispute my will,
"The King that I ordain,
"Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
"Shall there securely reign."
7 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontrol'd decree :
"Thou art my Son ; this day, my heir,
"Have I begotten thee.
8 "Ask, and receive thy full demands ;
"Thine shall the heathen be ;
"The utmost limits of the lands
"Shall be possess'd by thee.
9 "Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,
"And crush them ev'ry where ;
"As massy bars of iron break
"The potter's brittle ware."
10 Learn then, ye princes ; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth ;
11 Worship the Lord with holy fear ;
Rejoice with awful mirth.
12 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay :
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.
13 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame ?
Then blest are they, whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

Psalm 3.

HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
The troublers of my peace!
And as their numbers hourly rise,
So does their rage increase.
2 Insulting, they my soul upbraid,
And him whom I adore;
"The God in whom he trusts," say they
"Shall rescue him no more."
3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shall yet
Lift up my head on high.
4 Since whensoe'r, in like distress,
To God I made my pray'r,
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I now despair?
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
6 No force nor fury of my foes
My courage shall confound,
Were they as many hosts as men,
That have beset me round.
7 Arise, and save me, O my God,
Who oft hast own'd my cause,
And scatter'd oft these foes to me,
And to thy righteous laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend:
His blessings he extends to all
That on his power depend.

Psalm 4.

O LORD, thou art my righteous Judge,
To my complaint give ear:
Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O sons of men,
To blot my fame devise?
How long your vain designs pursue,
And spread malicious lies?
3 Consider that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.
4 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill,
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.
5 The place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.
6 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.
8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess'd.

Psalm 5.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.
3 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the wrongs that I sustain
Can'st never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy sacred dwelling place
All evil dost remove.
5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain
Unpunish'd in thy view:
All such as act unrighteous things
Thy vengeance shall pursue.
6 The sland'ring tongue, O God of truth,
By thee shall be destroy'd,
Who hat'st alike the man in blood
And in deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,

On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly thee adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws,
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.
9 Their mouths vent nothing but deceit;
Their heart is set on wrong;
Their throat is a devouring grave;
They flatter with their tongue.
10 By their own counsels let them fall,
Oppress'd with loads of sin;
For they against thy righteous laws
Have harden'd rebels been.
11 But let all those that trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy name.
12 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

PSALM 6.

THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.
2 Have mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
Unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones,
Which thou alone can'st cure.
3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
And fills my soul with grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?
4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Vouchsafe to make me whole.
5 For after death no more can I
Thy glorious acts proclaim,
No pris'ners of the silent grave
Can magnify thy name.
6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
No hope of ease I see;
The night, that quiets common griefs,
Is spent in tears by me.
7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim,
My eyes with weakness close;
Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
On my insulting foes.
8 Depart, ye wicked; in my wrongs
Ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my tears,
And listens to my voice.
9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble pray'r;
And they that wish my fall,
Shall blush and rage to see that God
Protects me from them all.

PSALM 7.

O LORD my God, since I have plac'd
My trust alone in thee,
From all my persecutors' rage
Do thou deliver me.
2 To save me from my threat'ning foe,
Lord interpose thy pow'r;
Lest, like a savage lion, he
My helpless soul devour.
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
Against his peace combine;
Nay, if I had not spar'd his life,
Who sought unjustly mine;
5 Let then to persecuting foes
My soul become a prey;
Let them to earth tread down my life,
In dust my honour lay.
6 Arise, and let thine anger, Lord,
In my defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my foes,
And their insulting rage:
Awake, awake, in my behalf,
The judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
For injur'd innocence.
7 So to thy throne, adoring crowds
Shall still for justice fly:
Oh! therefore, for their sake, resume
Thy judgment-seat on high.

8 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I trust my cause to thee ;
According to my just deserts,
So let thy sentence be.
9 Let wicked arts and wicked men
Together be o'erthrown ;
But guard the just, thou God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects, not only me,
But all of upright heart ;
And daily lays up wrath for those
Who from his laws depart.
12 If they persist, he whets his sword,
His bow stands ready bent ;
13 E'en now, with swift destruction wing'd,
His pointed shafts are sent.
14 The plots are fruitless which my foe
Unjustly did conceive;
15 The pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
His own untimely grave.
16 On his own head his spite returns,
Whilst I from harm am free ;
On him the violence is fall'n,
Which he design'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
Of providence proclaim ;
I'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate his name.

PSALM 8.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !
In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there ;
2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes ;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That thee and thine oppose.
3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight ;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;
4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind ?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind ?
5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train ;
6 Ordain'd, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful sway ;
The beasts that prey or graze ;
8 The bird that wings its airy way ;
The fish that cuts the seas.
9 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

PSALM 9.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare ;
To all the list'ning world, thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare
2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring ;
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.
3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn
Their backs in shameful flight :
Struck with thy presence, down they fell
They perish'd at thy sight.
4 Against insulting foes advanc'd
Thou didst my cause maintain ;
My right asserting from thy throne,
Where truth and justice reign.
5 The insolence of heathen pride
Thou hast redue'd to shame,
Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd,
And blotted out their name.

6 Mistaken foes, your haughty threats
Are to a period come;
Our city stands, which you design'd
To make our common tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.
9 God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.
10 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help rely'd.
11 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

PART 2.

12 When he inquiry makes for blood,
He'll call the poor to mind:
The injur'd humble man's complaint
Relief from him shall find.
13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,
Which spiteful foes create,
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft
From death's devouring gate.
14 In Sion then I'll sing thy praise,
To all that love thy name;
And with loud shouts of grateful joy,
Thy saving pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me,
The heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own snare
Are heedlessly betray'd.
16 Thus, by the just returns he makes,
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked men by their own plots
Are shamefully o'erthrown.
17 No single sinner shall escape,
By privacy obscur'd;
Nor nation, from his just revenge,
By numbers be secur'd.
18 His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectations shall be crown'd
Though for a time delay'd.
19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r,
And let not man o'ercome;
Descend to judgment, and pronounce
The guilty heathen's doom.
20 Strike terror through the nations round,
Till, by consenting fear,
They to each other, and themselves,
But mortal men appear.

PSALM 10.

THY presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
Why hid'st thou now thy face,
When dismal times of deep distress
Call for thy wonted grace?
2 The wicked, swell'd with lawless pride,
Have made the poor their prey;
O let them fall by those designs
Which they for others lay.
3 For straight they triumph, if success
Their thriving crimes attend;
And sordid wretches, whom God hates,
Perversely they commend.
4 To own a pow'r above themselves,
Their haughty pride disdains;
And therefore in their stubborn mind
No thought of God remains.
5 Oppressive methods they pursue,
And all their foes they slight;
Because thy judgments unobserv'd,
Are far above their sight.
6 They fondly think their prosp'rous state
Shall unmolested be;
They think their vain designs shall thrive,
From all misfortunes free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their speech,
With curses fill'd, and lies;
By which the mischief of their heart
They study to disguise.
8 Near public roads they lie conceal'd,
And all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once
To rifle and destroy.

9 Not lions, crouching in their dens,
Surprise their heedless prey
With greater cunning, or express
More savage rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmless man
And modest looks they wear;
That so deceiv'd, the poor may less
Their sudden onset fear.

PART 2.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes
Of their unrighteous deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring poor,
Nor their oppression heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise,
Stretch forth thy mighty arm;
And, by the greatness of thy pow'r,
Defend the poor from harm.
13 No longer let the wicked vaunt,
And, proudly boasting, say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do;
"He never will repay."
14 But sure thou seest, and all their deeds
Impartially dost try;
The orphan, therefore, and the poor,
On thee for aid rely.
15 Defenceless let the wicked fall,
Of all their strength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark designs,
Till no remains are left.
16 Assert thy just dominion, Lord,
Which shall for ever stand;
Thou who the heathen didst expel
From this thy chosen land.
17 Thou hear'st the humble supplicants
That to thy throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,
And then accept'st their pray'r.
18 Thou, in thy righteous judgment, weigh'st
The fatherless and poor;
That so the tyrants of the earth
May persecute no more.

PSALM 11.

SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly?
2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
And ready fix their dart,
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The men of upright heart.
3 When once the firm assurance fails,
Which public faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
From such deceitful arts.
4 The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above;
Where he surveys the sons of men,
And how their councils move.
5 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.
7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM 12.

SINCE godly men decay, O Lord,
Do thou my cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford
One just and faithful friend.
2 One neighbour now can scarce believe
What t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive,
And with a double heart.
3 But lips that with deceit abound
Can never prosper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound
The proud blaspheming tongue.
4 In vain those foolish boasters say,
"Our tongues are sure our own;
"With doubtful words we'll still betray,
"And be control'd by none."

5 For God, who hears the suff'ring poor,
And their oppression knows,
Will soon arise and give them rest,
In spite of all their foes.
6 The word of God shall still abide,
And void of falsehood be,
As is the silver, sev'n times try'd,
From drossy mixture free.
7 The promise of his aiding grace
Shall reach its purposed end;
His servants from this faithless race
He ever shall defend.
8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
Nor know which way to fly;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,
Shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM 13.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?
2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
And grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress?
3 Oh! hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light,
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.
4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'Twas their own strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my soul
To triumph in my shame.
5 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.
6 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee my God ascend,
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM 14.

SURE wicked fools must needs suppose
That God is nothing but a name;
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows;
No breast is warm'd with holy flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high tow'r,
And all the sons of men did view,
To see if any own'd his pow'r;
If any truth or justice knew.
3 But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degen'rate grown and base;
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.
4 But can these workers of deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat,
And God's almighty pow'r disown?
5 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake?
For to the righteous God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.
6 Ill men, in vain, with scorn expose
Those methods which the good pursue;
Since God a refuge is for those
Whom his just eyes with favour view.
7 Would he his saving pow'r employ
To break his people's servile band,
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

PSALM 15.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But, to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.
4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
6 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.
7 The man, who by his steady course
Has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By providence secur'd.

Psalm 16.

PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
And shield me, Lord, from harm;
Because my trust I still repose
On thy Almighty arm.
2 My soul all help but thine does slight.
All gods but thee disown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite
The goodness thou hast shown.
3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
And love the thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
Shall be my chief delight.
4 How shall their sorrows be increas'd,
Who other gods adore?
Their bloody off'rings I detest,
Their very names abhor.
5 My lot is fall'n in that blest land
Where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand,
'Tis he supports my throne.
6 In nature's most delightful scene
My happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign
All other lands outvies.
7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light;
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.
8 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.
9 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul, from hell shall free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.
11 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

Psalm 17.

TO my just plea and sad complaint
Attend, O righteous Lord;
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
A gracious ear afford.
2 As in thy sight I am approv'd,
So let my sentence be;
And with impartial eyes, O Lord,
My upright dealing see.
3 For thou hast search'd my heart by day,
And visited by night;
And, on the strictest trial, found
Its secret motions right.
Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone
My heart's designs acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my tongue
Shall no offence commit.
4 I know what wicked men would do,
Their safety to maintain;
But me thy just and mild commands
From bloody paths restrain.
5 That I may still, in spite of wrongs,
My innocence secure,
O guide me in thy righteous ways,
And make my footsteps sure.

6 Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
To thee my pray'r address'd ;
O ! now, my God, incline thine ear
To this my just request.
7 The wonders of thy truth and love
In my defence engage ;
Thou, whose right hand preserves thy saints
From their oppressor's rage.

PART 2.

8, 9 O ! keep me in thy tend'rest care ;
Thy shelt'ring wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage foes,
That compass me about :
10 O'ergrown with luxury, enclos'd
In their own fat they lie ;
And, with a proud blaspheming mouth,
Both God and man defy.
11 Well may they boast, for they have now
My paths encompass'd round ;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd,
And couching on the ground ;
12 In posture of a lion set,
When greedy of his prey ;
Or a young lion, when he lurks
Within a covert way.
13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots,
Their swelling rage control ;
From wicked men, who are thy sword,
Deliver thou my soul :
14 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge,
Whose portion's here below ;
Who, fill'd with earthly stores, aspire
No other bliss to know.
15 Their race is num'rous that partake
Their substance while they live ;
Their heirs survive, to whom they may
The vast remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightness, thy face
Shall view without control ;
And, waking, shall its image find
Reflected in my soul.

PSALM 18.

NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
Thou, my deliv'rer art, my God ;
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.
3 To thee I will address my pray'r,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
4, 5 By floods of wicked men dis-tress'd,
With seas of sorrow compass'd round,
With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound ;
6 To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
To God address'd my humble moan ;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

PART 2.

7 When God arose, my part to take,
The conscious earth was struck with fear ;
The hills did at his presence shake,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear.
8 Thick clouds of smoke dispers'd abroad,
Ensigns of wrath before him came ;
Devouring fire around him glow'd,
That coals were kindled at its flame.
9 He left the beauteous realms of light,
Whilst heav'n bow'd down its awful head ;
Beneath his feet substantial night
Was like a sable carpet spread.
10 The chariot of the King of kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
With most amazing swiftness flew.
11, 12 Black watery mists and clouds conspir'd,
With thickest shades, his face to veil ;

But at his brightness soon retir'd,
And fell in show'rs of fire and hail.
13 Through heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal
God's angry voice did loudly roar;
While earth's sad face with heaps of hail
And flakes of fire was cover'd o'er.
14 His sharpen'd arrows round he threw,
Which made his scatter'd foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble lightnings flew,
And quickly finish'd their defeat.
15 The deep its secret stores disclos'd,
The world's foundations naked lay;
By his avenging wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

PART 3.

16 The Lord did on my side engage;
From heav'n, his throne, my cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves, that proudly swell'd.
17 God his resistless pow'r employ'd
My strongest foes' attempts to break;
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd
The weak defence that I could make.
18 Their subtle rage had near prevail'd,
When I distress'd and friendless lay;
But still, when other succours fail'd,
God was my firm support and stay.
19 From dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth and set me free;
For some just cause his goodness found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.
20 Because in me no guilt remains,
God does his gracious help extend;
My hands are free from bloody stains;
Therefore the Lord is still my friend.
21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight,
In his just paths I always trod;
I never did his statutes slight,
Nor loosely wander'd from my God.
23, 24 But still my soul, sincere and pure,
Did ev'n from darling sins refrain;
His favours therefore yet endure,
Because my heart and hands are clean.

PART 4.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human-kind;
They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.
Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
27, 28 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.
29 On his firm succour I rely'd,
And did o'er num'rous foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side,
The best defended walls to scale.
30 For God's designs shall still succeed,
His word will bear the utmost test;
He's a strong shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.
31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless pow'r defend?

PART 5.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on,
And all my just designs fulfils;
Through him my feet can swiftly run,
And nimbly climb the steepest hills.

34 Lessons of war from him I take,
And manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of steel with ease I break,
Forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.
35 The buckler of his saving health
Protects me from assaulting foes;
His hand sustains me still; my wealth
And greatness from his bounty flows.
36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad,
Till then to narrow paths confin'd;
And when in slipp'ry ways I trod,
The method of my steps design'd.
37 Through him I num'rous hosts defeat,
And flying squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
Till I a final conquest make.
38 Cover'd with wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquish'd heads again to rear:
Spite of their boasted strength, they lie
Beneath my feet, and grovel there.
39 God, when fresh armies take the field,
Recruits my strength, my courage warms;
He makes my strong opposers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing arms.
40 Through him the necks of prostrate foes
My conqu'ring feet in triumph press;
Aided by him, I root out those
Who hate and envy my success.
41 With loud complaints all friends they try'd;
But none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cry'd;
But God would no assistance lend.
42 Like flying dust, which winds pursue,
Their broken troops I scatter'd round;
Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw,
Like loathsome dirt, that clogs the ground.

PART 6.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now,
By God's appointment me obey;
The heathen to my sceptre bow,
And foreign nations own my sway.
44 Remotest realms their homage send,
When my successful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend,
Charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.
45 All to my summons tamely yield,
Or soon in battle are dismay'd;
For stronger holds they quit the field,
And still in strongest holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The rock on whose defence I rest!
To highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation bless'd!
47 'Tis God that still supports my right;
His just revenge my foes pursues;
'Tis he, that, with resistless might,
Fierce nations to my yoke subdues.
48 My universal safeguard he!
From whom my lasting honours flow;
He made me great, and set me free
From my remorseless bloody foe.
49 Therefore, to celebrate his fame,
My grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to his name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his praise.
50 "God to his king deliv'rance sends;
"Shows his anointed signal grace;
"His mercy evermore extends
"To David and his promis'd race."

PSALM 19.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.
2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd ;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.
4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display ;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.
5 No bridegroom on his nuptial day
Has such a cheerful face ;
No giant does like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.
6 From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes ;
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

PART 2.

7 God's perfect law converts the soul ;
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
8 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.
9 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid ;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd ;
10 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.
11 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give ;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.
12 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall ?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all !
13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.
14 So shall my pray'r and praises be
With thy acceptance blest ;
And I secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM 20.

THE Lord to thy request attend,
And hear thee in distress ;
The name of Jacob's God defend,
And grant thy arms success :
2 To aid thee from on high repair,
And strength from Sion give ;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there,
Thy sacrifice receive :
4 To compass thy own heart's desire,
Thy counsels still direct ;
Make kindly all events conspire
To bring them to effect.
5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid
We cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy aid display'd ;
" The Lord accept thy pray'r."
6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
Our sov'reign will defend ;
From heav'n resistless aid afford,
And to his pray'r attend.
7 Some trust in steeds for war design'd ;
On chariots some rely ;
Against them all we'll call to mind
The power of God most high.
8 But from their steeds and chariots thrown,
Behold them through the plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
Whilst firm our troops remain.
9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful cause to bless ;
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need,
The pray'rs that we address.

PSALM 21.

THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice ;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
To heav'n his cheerful voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his lips request,
Not only dost impart ;

But hast, with thy acceptance, blest
The wishes of his heart.
3 Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all his hopes outgone ;
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear,
And sett'st it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for life ; and thou, O Lord,
Didst to his prayer attend,
And graciously to him afford
A life that ne'er shall end.
5 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name ;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.
6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st,
And mak'st his joys increase ;
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st
The brightness of thy face.

PART 2.

7 Because the king on God alone
For timely aid relies ;
His mercy still supports his throne,
And all his wants supplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy heavy hand ;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate thy mild command.
9 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.
10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease,
Or with their ruin end ;
But root out all their guilty race,
And to their seed extend.
11 For all their thoughts were set on ill,
Their hearts on malice bent ;
But thou with watchful care didst still
The ill effects prevent.
12 While they their swift retreat shall make,
To 'scape thy dreadful might,
Thy swifter arrows shall o'ertake,
And gall them in their flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous strength disclose,
And thus exalt thy fame ;
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose
To thy Almighty name.

PSALM 22.

MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me
When I with anguish faint ?
O ! why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint ?
2 All day, but all the day unheard,
To thee do I complain ;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.
3 Yet thou art still the righteous Judge
Of innocence oppress'd ;
And therefore Israel's praises are
Of right to thee address'd.
4, 5 On thee our ancestors rely'd,
And thy deliv'rance found ;
With pious confidence they pray'd,
And with success were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a worm ;
Like none of human birth ;
Not only by the great revil'd,
But made the rabble's mirth.
7 With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey ;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus deriding say ;
8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft
"That he was heav'n's delight ;
"Let God come down to save him now,
"And own his favourite."

PART 2.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming mother's womb
A living offspring bear ;
When but a suckling at the breast,
I was thy early care.
10 Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs
My helpless infant days ;
And since hast been my God, and guide,
Through life's bewilder'd ways.

11 Withdraw not then so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh ;
O send me help ! thy help, on which I only can rely.
12 High-pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd,
From Basan's forest met ;
With strength proportion'd to their rage
Have me around beset.
13 They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth
A yawning grave appears ;
The desert lion's savage roar
Less dreadful is than theirs.

PART 3.

14 My blood like water's spill'd, my joints
Are rack'd and out of frame ;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.
15 My strength, like potter's earth, is parch'd ;
My tongue cleaves to my jaws ;
And to the silent shades of death
My fainting soul withdraws.
16 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
In pack'd assemblies meet ;
They pierc'd my inoffensive hands ;
They pierc'd my harmless feet.
17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told ;
Yet such a spectacle of woe
As pastime they behold.
18 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast ;
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,
And to my succour haste.
20 From their sharp swords protect thou me,
Of all but life bereft ;
Nor let my darling in the pow'r
Of cruel dogs be left.
21 To save me from the lion's jaws,
Thy present succour send ;
As once, from goring unicorns,
Thou didst my life defend.
22 Then to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy name ;
In presence of assembled saints
Thy glory thus proclaim :
23 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
" All you of Israel's line,
" O praise the Lord, and to your praise
" Sincere obedience join.
24 " He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
" To cast a gracious eye :
" Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
" But hears its humble cry."

PART 4.

25 Thus, in thy sacred courts, will I
My cheerful thanks express ;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.
26 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
27 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay ;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.
28 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er subject kings to reign ;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.
29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess ;
The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous Patron bless.
With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort ;
That pow'r, which first their beings gave,
Can only them support.
30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth
And glorious acts, proclaim.

PSALM 23.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
5 In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.
6 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

Psalm 24.

THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas;
And his Almighty hand,
Upon inconstant floods, has made
The stable fabric stand.
3 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd;
O! who shall to that sacred hill
Deserv'd admittance find?
4 The man, whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall show'r his blessings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.
6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek
The face of Jacob's God.
7 Erect your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: see! he comes
With his celestial train.
8 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord, for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.
9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory: see! he comes
With all his shining train.
10 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

Psalm 25.

TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.
3 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.
4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help;
On thee I wait all day.
6 Thy mercies, and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.
7 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.
8 His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
9 He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
10 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

PART 2.

11 Since mercy is the grace,
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sins, O Lord,
And so advance thy name.
12 Whoe'er, with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.
13 His quiet soul with peace
Shall be for ever bless'd;
And by his num'rous race the land
Successively possess'd.
14 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.
15 To him I lift my eyes,
And wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the strong and treach-
'rous snare,
Which for my feet was laid.
16 O! turn, and all my griefs,
In mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with woes,
And plung'd in deep distress.
17 The sorrows of my heart
To mighty sums increase;
O! from this dark and dismal state
My troubled soul release!
18 Do thou, with tender eyes,
My sad affliction see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
Entirely set me free.
19 Consider, Lord, my foes,
How vast their numbers grow!
What lawless force and rage they
use,
What boundless hate they show!
20 Protect, and set my soul
From their fierce malice free;
Nor let me be asham'd, who place
My steadfast trust in thee.
21 Let all my righteous acts
To full perfection rise;
Because my firm and constant hope
On thee alone relies.
22 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind;
And, in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succour find.

PSALM 26.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search thou my heart, whose
innocence
Will shine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
And made thy truth my guide.
4 I never for companions took
The idle or profane;
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
Could e'er my friendship gain.
5 I hate the busy plotting crew,
Who make distracted times;
And shun their wicked company,
As I avoid their crimes.
6 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And bring a heart so pure,
That when thy altar I approach,
My welcome shall secure.
7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there,
and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thy honour dwells.
9 Pass not on me the sinner's doom,
Who murder make their trade;
10 Who others' rights, by secret
bribes,
Or open force, invade.
11 But I will walk in paths of truth,
And innocence pursue;
Protect me, therefore, and to me
Thy mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In spite of all assaulting foes,
I still maintain my ground;
And shall survive among thy saints,
Thy praises to resound.

PSALM 27.

WHOM should I fear, since God
to me
Is saving health and light?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?
2 With fierce intent my flesh to
tear,
When foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their haughty
crests
Were made to strike the ground.

3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares
With mighty hosts to cope ;
Through him, in doubtful straits of war,
For good success I hope.
4 Henceforth, within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire ;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.
5 For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress ;
And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess :
6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes
My lofty head shall raise ;
And I my joyful tribute bring,
With grateful songs of praise.

PART 2.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.
8 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise ;
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject ;
My God, and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.
10 Though all my friends, and kindred too,
Their helpless charge forsake ;
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.
11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord ;
My ways directly guide ;
Lest envious men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.
12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes ;
Defeat their ill desire,
Whose lying lips, and bloody hands,
Against my peace conspire.
13 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd ;
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compass'd round.
14 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength : do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

PSALM 28.

O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath ;
O ! answer, or I shall become
Like those that sleep in death.
2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy-seat.
3 Let me escape the sinners' doom,
Who make a trade of ill,
And ever speak the person fair,
Whose blood they mean to spill.
4 According to their crimes' extent,
Let justice have its course ;
Relentless be to them, as they
Have sinn'd without remorse.
5 Since they the works of God despise,
Nor will his grace adore ;
His wrath shall utterly destroy,
And build them up no more.
6 But I, with due acknowledgment,
His praises will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.
7 My heart its confidence repos'd
In God, my strength and shield ;
In him I trusted, and return'd
Triumphant from the field.
As he hath made my joys complete,
'Tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
And thus resound his praise :
8 "His aiding pow'r supports the troops,
"That my just cause maintain :
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne ;
"'Tis he secures my reign."
9 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed
Thine heritage to bless ;
With plenty prosper them in peace ;
In battle, with success.

PSALM 29.

YE princes, that in might excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state ador'd.
3 'Tis he that, with amazing noise,
The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heav'n in thunder speaks.
4, 5 How full of pow'r his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crown'd!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round.
6 They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are sometimes hurry'd far away,
And leap, like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful play.
7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
And scatter'd flames of lightning sends,
The forest nods, the desert quakes,
And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.
9 He makes the hinds to cast their young,
And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare;
While those that to his courts belong,
Securely sing his praises there.
10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM 30.

I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who did'st thy pow'r employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.
2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee,
Who kindly didst relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.
4 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.
5 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.
6 But I, in prosp'rous days presum'd;
No sudden change I fear'd;
Whilst, in my sunshine of success,
No low'ring cloud appear'd.
7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord,
My empire's only trust;
For when thou hidd'st thy face, I saw
My honour laid in dust.
8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
My error I confess'd;
And thus with supplicating voice,
Thy mercy's throne address'd:
9 "What profit is there in my blood,
"Congeal'd by death's cold night?
"Can silent ashes speak thy praise,
"Thy wondrous truth recite?
10 "Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear;
"Thy wonted aid extend;
"Do thou send help, on whom alone
"I can for help depend."
11 'Tis done! thou hast my mournful scene
To songs and dances turn'd;
Invested me with robes of state,
Who late in sackcloth mourn'd.
12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And, as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM 31.

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee:
As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.
2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;

Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.
3 Since thou, when foes oppress,
My rock and fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress,
Thy wonted health impart.
4 Release me from the snare,
Which they have closely laid;
Since I, O God, my strength, repair
To thee alone for aid.
5 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.
6 All vain designs I hate
Of those that trust in lies;
And still my soul, in every state,
To God for succour flies.

PART 2

7 Those mercies thou hast shown,
I'll cheerfully express;
For thou hast seen my straits, and known
My soul in deep distress.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous race
Did all my strength enclose,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space,
To shun my watchful foes.
9 Thy mercy, Lord, display,
And hear my just complaint;
For both my soul and flesh decay,
With grief and hunger faint.
10 Sad thoughts my life oppress;
My years are spent in groans;
My sins have made my strength decrease,
And e'en consum'd my bones.
11 My foes my sufferings mock'd;
My neighbours did upbraid;
My friends, at sight of me, were shock'd,
And fled, as men dismay'd.
12 Forsook by all am I,
As dead, and out of mind;
And like a shatter'd vessel lie,
Whose parts can ne'er be join'd.
13 Yet sland'rous words they speak,
And seem my pow'r to dread;
Whilst they together counsel take,
My guiltless blood to shed.
14 But still my steadfast trust
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

PART 3.

15 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.
16 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.
17 Me from dishonour save,
Who still have call'd on thee;
Let that, and silence in the grave,
The sinner's portion be.
18 Do thou their tongues restrain,
Whose breath in lies is spent;
Who false reports, with proud disdain,
Against the righteous vent.
19 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name,
Which thou for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!
20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
From proud oppressors free;
From tongues that do in strife delight,
They are preserv'd by thee.
21 With glory and renown
God's name be ever bless'd;
Whose love, in Keilah's well-fenc'd town,
Was wondrously express'd!
22 I said, in hasty flight,
"I'm banish'd from thine eyes;"
Yet still thou keep'st me in thy sight,
And heard'st my earnest cries.
23 O! all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength, in time of need.

PSALM 32.

HE's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;

2 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
My bones consum'd without relief;
All day did I with anguish roar;
But no complaints assuag'd my grief
4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike distress'd,
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
Like land with summer's drought oppress'd.
5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
6 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tower of refuge I must own;
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.
8 In my instruction then confide,
Ye that would truth's safe path descry;
Your progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful eye.
9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule,
Like men that reason have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd horse and mule,
Whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.
10 Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.
11 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM 33.

LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
2, 3 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.
4, 5 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
6 By his Almighty Word, at first,
The heav'nly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.
7 The swelling floods, together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a store-house safe,
The wat'ry treasures by.
8, 9 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand;
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made;
'Twas fix'd at his command.
10 He, when the heathen closely plot,
Their councils undermines;
His wisdom ineffectual makes
The people's rash designs.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

PART 2.

12 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.
13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth,
From heav'n, his throne, survey'd;
He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts;
By him their hearts were made.

16, 17 No king is safe by num'rous hosts;
Their strength the strong deceives:
No manag'd horse, by force or speed,
His warlike rider saves.
18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death; their want,
In time of dearth, supplies.
20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

PSALM 34.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3 O! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
4 When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
Who look'd to him for aid;
Desir'd success in ev'ry face
A cheerful air display'd.
6 "Behold," say they, "behold the man,
"Whom providence reliev'd;
"The man so dang'rously beset,
"So wondrously retriev'd!"
7 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
8 O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.
10 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supply'd.

PART 2.

11 Approach, ye piously dispos'd,
And my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.
12 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see,
13 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free;
14 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace, where 'tis begun;
And where 'tis lost, renew.
15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries;
16 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their hated name.
17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.
19 The wicked oft, but still in vain,
Against the just conspire;
20 For under their affliction's weight
He keeps their bones entire.
21 The wicked, from their wicked arts,
Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.

22 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend ;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

PSALM 35.

AGAINST all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my right ;
With such as war unjustly wage,
Do thou my battles fight.
2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield
Upon thy warlike arm ;
Stand up, O God, in my defence,
And keep me safe from harm.
3 Bring forth thy spear ; and stop their course,
That haste my blood to spill ;
Say to my soul, " I am thy health,
" And will preserve thee still "
4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er,
Who my destruction sought ;
And such as did my harm devise,
Be to confusion brought.
5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like chaff
Before the driving wind ;
God's vengeful minister of wrath
Shall follow close behind.
6 And when, through dark and slipp'ry ways,
They strive his rage to shun,
His vengeful ministers of wrath
Shall goad them as they run.
7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong,
They hid their treach'rous snare ;
And, for my harmless soul, a pit
Did, without cause, prepare ;
8 Surpris'd by mischiefs unforeseen,
By their own arts betray'd,
Their feet shall fall into the net,
Which they for me had laid :
9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great name
For this deliv'rance bless,
And, by his saving health secur'd,
Its grateful joy express.
10 My very bones shall say, " O Lord,
" Who can compare with thee !
" Who sett'st the poor and helpless man
" From strong oppressors free."

PART 2.

11 False witnesses, with forg'd complaints,
Against my truth combin'd ;
And to my charge such things they laid,
As I had ne'er design'd.
12 The good which I to them had done,
With evil they repaid ;
And did, by malice undeserv'd,
My harmless life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in sackcloth mourn'd ;
I pray'd and fasted, and my pray'r
To my own breast return'd.
14 Had they my friends or brethren been,
I could have done no more .
Nor with more decent signs of grief
A mother's loss deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove,
In times of my distress !
When they, in crowds, together met,
Did savage joy express.
The rabble too, in num'rous throngs,
By their example came ;
And ceas'd not, with reviling words,
To wound my spotless fame.
16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt,
And earn their bread with lies,
Did gnash their teeth, and sland'ring jests
Maliciously devise.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on ?
On my behalf appear ;
And save my guiltless soul, which they,
Like rav'ning beasts would tear.

PART 3.

18 So I, before the list'ning world,
Shall grateful thanks express ;
And where the great assembly meets,
Thy name with praises bless.
19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes,
Who me unjustly hate,

With open joy, or secret signs,
To mock my sad estate.
20 For they, with hearts averse to peace,
Industriously devise,
Against the men of quiet minds
To forge malicious lies.
21 Nor with these private arts content,
Aloud they vent their spite;
And say, "At last we found him out,
"He did it in our sight."
22 But thou, who dost both them and me
With righteous eyes survey,
Assert my innocence, O Lord,
And keep not far away.
23 Stir up thyself in my behalf;
To judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous servant's cause, O God,
To thy decision take.
24 Lord, as my heart has upright been,
Let me thy justice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain
The triumph they design'd.
25 O! let them not, amongst themselves,
In boasting language say,
"At length our wishes are complete;
"At last he's made our prey."
26 Let such as in my harm rejoic'd,
For shame their faces hide;
And foul dishonour wait on those,
That proudly me defy'd:
27 Whilst they with cheerful voices shout,
Who my just cause befriend;
And bless the Lord, who loves to make
Success his saints attend.
28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing,
Inspir'd with grateful joy;
And cheerful hymns in praise of thee,
Shall all my days employ.

PSALM 36.

MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,
His wicked purpose would disguise;
But reason whispers to my heart,
He ne'er sets God before his eyes.
2 He soothes himself retir'd from sight;
Secure he thinks his treach'rous game;
Till his dark plots, expos'd to light,
Their false contriver brand with shame.
3 In deeds he is my foe confess'd,
Whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;
True wisdom's banished from his breast,
And vice has sole dominion there.
4 His wakeful malice spends the night
In forging his accurs'd designs;
His obstinate, ungen'rous spite
No execrable means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heav'nly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
6 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.
7 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!
8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
9 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
10 O let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.
11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn,
And wicked hands my life surprise,
12 Their mischiefs on themselves return;
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise.

PSALM 37.

THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise ;
2 For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want :
4 Make his commands thy chief delight ;
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design ;
6 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.
7 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend ;
Nor let thy anger fondly rise,
Though wicked men with wealth abound,
And with success the plots are crown'd
Which they maliciously devise.
8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake ;
Let no ungovern'd passion make
Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime ;
9 For God shall sinful men destroy ;
Whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust on him, and wait his time.
10 How soon shall wicked men decay!
Their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found ;
11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,
Rejoicing still with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

PART 2.

12 While sinful crowds, with false design,
Against the righteous few combine,
And gnash their teeth and threat'ning stand ;
13 God shall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride :
He sees their ruin near at hand.
14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow,
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to slay ;
15 But their stong bows shall soon be broke,
Their sharpen'd weapon's mortal stroke
Through their own hearts shall force its way.
16 A little, with God's favour bless'd,
That's by one righteous man possess'd,
The wealth of many bad excels ;
17 For God supports the just man's cause ;
But as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.
18 His constant care the upright guides,
And over all their life presides ;
Their portion shall for ever last :
19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and e'en in dearth,
The happy fruits of plenty taste.
20 Not so the wicked man, and those
Who proudly dare God's will oppose ;
Destruction is their hapless share:
Like fat of lambs, their hopes, and they,
Shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into smoke and air.

PART 3.

21 While sinners, brought to sad decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The just have will and pow'r to give ;
22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,
Shall peaceably the earth possess ;
And those he curses shall not live.

23 The good man's way is God's delight ;
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command ;
24 Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd ;
For God upholds him with his hand.
25 From my first youth, till age prevail'd,
I never saw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his num'rous race;
26 Because compassion fill'd his heart,
And he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increase.
27 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days ;
28 For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.
29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land ;
His portion shall for ages stand ;
His mouth with wisdom is supply'd:
His tongue by rules of judgment moves ;
His heart the law of God approves ;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART 4.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies,
In vain the righteous to surprise ;
In vain his ruin does decree :
33 God will not him defenceless leave,
To his revenge expos'd, but save ;
And, when he's sentenc'd, set him free.
34 Wait still on God ; keep his command,
And thou, exalted in the land,
Thy bless'd possession ne'er shall quit :
The wicked soon destroy'd shall be,
And at his dismal tragedy
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.
35 The wicked I in pow'r have seen,
And, like a bay-tree, fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round :
36 But he was gone as swift as thought ;
And, though in ev'ry place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.
37 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are ;
Their roughest days in peace shall end,
38 While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.
39 God to the just will aid afford ;
Their only safeguard is the Lord ;
Their strength in time of need is he :
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM 38.

THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all ;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched part of me
Thy arrows deep remain ;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
I can no more sustain.
3 My flesh is one continued wound,
Thy wrath so fiercely glows ;
Betwixt my punishment and guilt
My bones have no repose.
4 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.
5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds,
My folly's just return ;
6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
And all day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins,
Infecting ev'ry part ;
8 With sickness worn, I groan and roar
Through anguish of my heart.

PART 2

9 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
And sure my groans have been too loud,
Not to have reach'd thine ear.
10 My heart's oppress'd, my strength decay'd,
My eyes depriv'd of light;
11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen gaze aloof
On such a dismal sight.
12 Meanwhile, the foes that seek my life
Their snares to take me set;
Vent slanders, and contrive all day
To forge some new deceit:
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
Nor heard, nor once reply'd;
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue
With conscious guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
My innocence to clear;
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God,
My injur'd cause wilt hear.
16 "Hear me," said I, "lest my proud foes
"A spiteful joy display;
"Insulting, if they see my foot
"But once to go astray."
17 And, with continual grief oppress'd,
To sink I now begin;
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To thee bewail my sin.
19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes
Their strength and vigour boast;
And they that hate me without cause
Are grown a dreadful host.
20 E'en they whom I oblig'd, return
My kindness with despite;
And are my enemies, because
I choose the path that's right.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart;
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

PSALM 39.

RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways,
I kept my tongue in awe;
I curb'd my hasty words, when I
The wicked prosp'rous saw.
2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,
And did my tongue refrain
From good discourse; but that restraint
Increas'd my inward pain,
3 My heart did glow with working thoughts,
And no repose could take;
Till strong reflection fann'd the fire,
And thus at length I spake:
4 Lord, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end:
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.
5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span;
A cypher sums my years,
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.
6 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
7 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my sins; nor let me scorn'd
By foolish sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
Because 'twas done by thee.
10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath
In mercy soon remove;
Lest my frail flesh, too weak to bear
The heavy load should prove.
11 For when thou chast'nest man for sin,
Thou mak'st his beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like cloth
By fretting moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my pray'r;

Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.
13 O! spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

PSALM 40.

I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
2 He took me from the dismal pit,
When founder'd deep in miry clay;
On solid ground he placed my feet,
And suffer'd not my steps to stray.
3 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
4 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.
5 Who can the wondrous works recount
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.
6 I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
For man's transgression to atone.
7 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart;
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

PART 2.

9 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge:
10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd
Thy faithfulness and saving grace;
But preach'd thy love, for all design'd,
That all might that, and truth, embrace.
11 Then let those mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.
12 For I with troubles am distress'd,
Too numberless for me to bear;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd,
That plunge and sink me to despair.
As soon, alas, may I recount
The hairs of this afflicted head;
My vanquish'd courage they surmount,
And fill my drooping soul with dread.

PART 3.

13 But, Lord, to my relief draw near,
For never was more pressing need;
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.
14 Confusion on their heads return,
Who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile design.
15 Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
And sport of my affliction made.
16 While those who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving grace,
With me resound, The Lord be prais'd.
17 Thus, wretched though I am and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou God, who only can'st restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

PSALM 41.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd!

1 When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.
2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.
3 If he in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r address'd;
"Lord, for thy mercy heal my soul,
"Though I have much transgress'd."
5 My cruel foes, with sland'rous words,
Attempt to wound my fame;
"When shall he die," say they, "and men
"Forget his very name?"
6 Suppose they formal visits make,
'Tis all but empty show;
They gather mischief in their hearts,
And vent it where they go.
7, 8 With private whispers, such as these,
To hurt me they devise:
"A sore disease afflicts him now;
"He's fall'n, no more to rise."
9 My own familiar bosom-friend,
On whom I most rely'd,
Has me, whose daily guest he was,
With open scorn defy'd.
10 But thou my sad and wretched state,
In mercy, Lord, regard;
And raise me up, that all their crimes
May meet their just reward.
11 By this I know thy gracious ear
Is open, when I call;
Because thou suffer'st not my foes
To triumph in my fall.
12 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.
13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM 42.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?
3 Tears are my constant food, while thus
Insulting foes upbraid;
"Deluded wretch, where's now thy God?
"And where his promis'd aid?"
4 I sigh, whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.
When I advanc'd with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.
5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
6 My soul's cast down, O God! but thinks
On thee and Sion still;
From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights,
And Mizar's humbler hill.
7 One trouble calls another on,
And, gath'ring o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul
A roaring sea is spread.
8 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispell'd this storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.
9 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
To my oppressor's scorn?

10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid :
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God ?
"And where his promis'd aid ?"
11 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still ; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM 43.

JUST Judge of heav'n, against my foes
Do thou assert my injur'd right ;
O set me free, my God, from those
That in deceit and wrong delight.
2 Since thou art still my only stay,
Why leav'st thou me in deep distress ?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Whilst me insulting foes oppress ?
3 Let me with light and truth be blest ;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
4 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy ;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
5 Why then cast down, my soul ? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care ?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM 44.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders, in their days perform'd,
And elder times than theirs :
2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The heathen from this land,
Dispeopled by repeated strokes
Of thy avenging hand.
3 For not their courage, nor their sword,
To them possession gave ;
Nor strength, that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save :
But thy right hand, and pow'rful arm,
Whose succour they implor'd ;
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who thy great name ador'd.
4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
Thou art our sovereign King ;
O ! therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.
5 Through thy victorious name, our arms
The proudest foes shall quell :
And crush them with repeated strokes,
As oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword,
When I in fight engage ;
7 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd,
And sham'd their spiteful rage.
8 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came ;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless his name.

PART 2.

9 But thou hast cast us off ; and now
Most shamefully we yield ;
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead
Our armies to the field :
10 Since when, to ev'ry upstart foe
We turn our backs in fight ;
And with our spoil their malice feast,
Who bear us ancient spite.
11 To slaughter doom'd, we fall, like sheep,
Into their butch'ring hands ;
Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,
Dispers'd through heathen lands.
12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves,
And set their price so low,
That not thy treasure, by the sale,
But their disgrace, may grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round,
The heathen's by-word grown ;
Whose scorn of us is both in speech
And mocking gestures shown.
15 Confusion strikes me blind ; my face
In conscious shame I hide ;

16 While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd,
By their licentious pride.

PART 3

17 On us this heap of woes is fall'n;
All this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name,
Or faith to thee abjur'd:
18 But in thy righteous paths have kept
Our hearts and steps with care;
19 Though thou hast broken all our strength,
And we almost despair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great name,
On other gods rely,
21 And not the searcher of all hearts
The treach'rous crime descry?
22 Thou see'st what suff'rings, for thy sake,
We ev'ry day sustain;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like sheep
Appointed to be slain.
23 Awake, arise; let seeming sleep
No longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
For ever sue in vain.
24 O! wherefore hidest thou thy face
From our afflicted state,
25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth
With grief's oppressive weight.
26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
To our deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord;—if not for ours,
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM 45.

WHILE I the king's loud praise rehearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.
2 How matchless is thy form, O King!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince;
And clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r,
Majestic pomp display.
4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
Does all thy foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy pow'r despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The feather'd arrow flies.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd,
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.
7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths,
Where wand'ring sinners rove;
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The oil of gladness shed;
And has, above thy fellows round,
Advanc'd thy lofty head.
8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh,
Thy royal robes abound;
Which, from the stately wardrobe brought,
Spread grateful odours round
9 Among the honourable train
Did princely virgins wait;
The queen was plac'd at thy right hand,
In golden robes of state.

PART 2.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear,
And to my words attend;
Forget thy native country now,
And ev'ry former friend.
11 So shall thy beauty charm the King,
Nor shall his love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord;
To him due rev'rence pay.
12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud,
Shall humble presents make;
And all the wealthy nations sue
Thy favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's fairer soul
All inward graces fill;

Her raiment is of purest gold,
Adorn'd with costly skill.
14 She in her nuptial garments dress'd,
With needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,
Shall to the King be brought.
15 With all the state of solemn joy
The triumph moves along;
Till, with wide gates, the royal court
Receives the pompous throng.
16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
Must princely sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send,
To govern and protect;
17 Whilst this my song to future times
Transmits thy glorious name;
And makes the world, with one consent,
Thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM 46

GOD is our refuge in distress;
A present help when dangers press;
In him, undaunted, we'll confide;
2, 3 Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn peace-meal by the roaring tide.
4 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his Almighty aid is nigh.
6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and dispers'd their pow'rs:
7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' Guardian-God and ours.
8 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought;
How he has calm'd the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them their thund'ring chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's Almighty sway;
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her Sov'reign Lord confess:
11 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM 47.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty pow'r withstands
Of God, the universal King.
3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets' sound,
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.
7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes that far from hence
To serve the God of Abr'am came,
Found him their constant sure defence:
How great and glorious is his name.

PSALM 48.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whose happy mount,
His sacred throne is rais'd.

2 Her tow'rs, the joy of all the earth,
With beauteous prospect rise;
On her north side th' Almighty King's,
Imperial city lies.
3 God in her palaces is known;
His presence is her guard:
4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their siege,
And of success despair'd.
5 They view'd her walls, admir'd, and fled,
With grief and terror struck;
6 Like women, whom the sudden pangs
Of travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of mariners
Appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarshish' wealthy coasts
By eastern winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.
9 Not in our fortresses and walls
Did we, O God, confide;
But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
In which thou dost reside.
10 According to thy sov'reign name,
Thy praise through earth extends;
Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides,
Chastises or defends.
11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp;
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her tow'rs, and see if there
You find one stone displac'd.
13 Her forts and palaces survey;
Observe their order well;
That, with assurance, to your heirs
His wonders you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
Till death will be our guide.

PSALM 49.

LET all the list'ning world attend,
And my instruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
With joint consent give ear.
3 My mouth, with sacred wisdom fill'd,
Shall good advice impart;
The sound result of prudent thoughts,
Digested in my heart.
4 To parables of weighty sense
I will my ear incline;
Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing
Dark words of deep design.
5 Why should my courage fail in times
Of danger and of doubt,
When sinners that would me supplant,
Have compass'd me about?
6 Those men, that all their hope and trust
In heaps of treasure place,
And boast in triumph, when they see
Their ill-got wealth increase,
7 Are yet unable from the grave
Their dearest friend to free;
Nor can, by force of bribes, reverse
Th' Almighty Lord's decree.
8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit;
The price is held too high;
No sums can purchase such a grant,
That man should never die.
10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt,
Nor fools their folly save;
But both must perish, and in death
Their wealth to others leave.
11 For though they think their stately seats
Shall ne'er to ruin fall,
But their remembrance last in lands
Which by their names they call;
12 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot,
How great soe'er their state;
With beasts their memory, and they,
Shall share one common fate.

PART 2.

13 How great their folly is, who thus
Absurd conclusions make!

And yet their children, unreclaim'd,
Repeat the gross mistake.
14 They all like sheep to slaughter led,
The prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the just rejoice,
Within the grave shall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my soul;
And from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r shall set me free,
And to himself receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men
In envy'd wealth abound;
Nor though their prosp'rous house increase,
With state and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're summon'd hence by death,
They leave all this behind;
No shadow of their former pomp
Within the grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their state was blest,
Caught in the flatt'rer's snare,
Who with their vanity comply'd,
And prais'd their worldly care.
19 In their forefather's steps they tread;
And when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors and they
In endless darkness lie.
20 For man, how great soe'er his state,
Unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives,
So like a beast he dies.

PSALM 50.

THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light, till day declines:
The list'ning earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.
3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd silence, as before;
But wasting flames before him send
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heav'n and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree)
That in my lasting cov'nant live,
And off'rings bring with constant care:
The heav'ns his justice shall declare;
For God himself shall sentence give.
7, 8 Attend, my people; Israel, hear;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God, am I:
'Tis not of off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.
9 Will this alone atonement make?
No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept.
10 The forest beasts, that range alone,
The cattle too, are all my own,
That on a thousand hills are kept.
11 I know the fowls, that build their nests
In craggy rocks; and savage beasts,
That loosely haunt the open fields:
12 If seiz'd with hunger I could be,
I need not seek relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.
13 Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
To eat their flesh and drink their blood?
14 The sacrifices I require,
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good.
15 In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free;
And thou returns of praise shalt make.
16 But to the wicked thus saith God:
How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?

17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin,
Hast proof against instruction been,
And of my word didst lightly speak:
18 When thou a subtle thief didst see,
Thou gladly with him didst agree,
And with adult'rers didst partake.
19 Vile slander is thy chief delight;
Thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and spite,
Deceitful tales does hourly spread:
20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound
Thy brother, and with lies confound
The offspring of thy mother's bed.
21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove
To gain with silence, and with love,
Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
That I was such a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
And set thy sins before thine eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
Whilst none shall dare your cause to own:
23 Who praises me, due honour gives;
And to the man that justly lives,
My strong salvation shall be shown.

Psalm 51.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
2, 3 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
4 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.
5 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.
6 Yet thou, whose searching eye
Does inward truth require,
In secret didst with wisdom's laws
My tender soul inspire.
7 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be;
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purify'd by thee.
8 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

Part 2.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.
12 The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.
13 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.
14 My guilt of blood remove,
My Saviour, and my God;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
Thy righteous acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow clos'd and shame;
So shall my mouth thy wondrous praise
To all the world proclaim.
16 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.
17 A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.
18 Let Sion favour find,
Of thy good will assur'd;
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secur'd.

19 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay ;
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thy altar lay.

PSALM 52.

IN vain, O man of lawless might,
Thou boast'st thyself in ill ;
Since God, the God in whom I trust,
Vouchsafes his favour still.
2 Thy wicked tongue doth slan-
d'rous tales
Maliciously devise ;
And, sharper than a razor set,
It wounds with treach'rous lies.
3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill
than good,
On lies than truth, employ'd ;
Thy tongue delights in words, by
which
The guiltless are destroy'd.
5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
And snatch thee soon away ;
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
Nor in the world, to stay.
6 The just, with pious fear, shall see
The downfall of thy pride ;
And at thy sudden ruin laugh,
And thus thy fall deride :
7 " See there the man that haughty
was,
" Who proudly God defy'd,
" Who trusted in his wealth, and still
" On wicked arts rely'd "
8 But I am like those olive-plants
That shade God's temples round ;
And hope with his indulgent grace
To be for ever crown'd.
9 So shall my soul, with praise, O
God,
Extol thy wondrous love ;
And on thy name with patience wait ;
For this thy saints approve.

PSALM 53.

THE wicked fools must sure sup-
pose
That God is but a name ;
This gross mistake their practice
shows,
Since virtue all disclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from
heav'n's high tow'r,
The sons of men to view ;
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
Or truth or justice knew.
3 But all, he saw, were backward
gone,
Degen'rate grown and base ;
None for religion car'd, not one
Of all the sinful race.
4 But are those workers of deceit
So dull and senseless grown,
That they like bread my people eat,
And God's just pow'r disown ?
5 Their causeless fear shall strange-
ly grow ;
And they, despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd ; his hand shall
throw
Their shatter'd bones abroad.
6 Would he his saving pow'r employ
To break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy
Should echo through the land.

PSALM 54.

LORD, save me, for thy glorious
name,
And in thy strength appear,
To judge my cause ; accept my
pray'r,
And to my words give ear.
3 Mere strangers, whom I never
wrong'd
To ruin me design'd ;
And cruel men, that fear no God,
Against my soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes part with all my
friends,
And he's the surest guard ;
The God of truth shall give my foes
Their falsehood's due reward ;
6 While I my grateful off'rings bring,
And sacrifice with joy ;
And in his praise my time to come
Delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and distress
The Lord hath set me free ;
Through him shall I of all my foes
The just destruction see.

PSALM 55.

GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the
earth,
And listen when I pray ;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

2 Attend to this my sad complaint,
And hear my grievous moans;
While I my mournful case declare,
With artless sighs and groans.
3 Hark how the foe insults aloud!
How fierce oppressors rage!
Whose sland'rous tongues, with wrathful hate,
Against my fame engage.
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain; my soul
With deadly frights distress'd;
With fear and trembling compass'd round,
With horror quite oppress'd.
6 How often wish'd I then, that I
The dove's swift wings could get;
That I might take my speedy flight,
And seek a safe retreat.
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild deserts stray,
Till all this furious storm were spent,
This tempest pass'd away.

PART 2.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs,
Their counsels soon divide;
For through the city my griev'd eyes
Have strife and rapine spy'd.
10 By day and night, on ev'ry wall
They walk their constant round;
And in the midst of all her strength
Are grief and mischief found.
11 Whoe'er through ev'ry part shall roam,
Will fresh disorders meet;
Deceit and guile their constant posts
Maintain in ev'ry street.
12 For 'twas not any open foe
That false reflections made;
For then I could with ease have borne
The bitter things he said:
'Twas none who hatred had profess'd,
That did against me rise;
For then I had withdrawn myself
From his malicious eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide, my friend,
Whom tend'rest love did join;
Whose sweet advice I valu'd most;
Whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes,
Such traitors must surprise,
And sudden death requite those ills
They wickedly devise.
16, 17 But I will call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, and night, I'll pray;
And he my voice shall hear.

PART 3.

18 God has releas'd my soul from those
That did with me contend;
And made a num'rous host of friends
My righteous cause defend.
19 For he, who was my help of old,
Shall now his suppliant hear;
And punish them whose prosp'rous state
Makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men
Perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
And break the strongest ties?
21 Though soft and melting are their words,
Their hearts with war abound;
Their speeches are more smooth than oil,
And yet like swords they wound.
22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend,
And he shall thee sustain;
He aids the just, whom to supplant
The wicked strive in vain.
23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,
Shall all untimely die;
Whilst I, for health and length of days,
On thee, my God, rely.

PSALM 56.

DO thou, O God, in mercy help;
For man my life pursues;
To crush me with repeated wrongs,
He daily strife renews.

2 Continually my spiteful foes
To ruin me combine ;
Thou see'st, who sitt'st enthron'd on high,
What mighty numbers join.
3 But though sometimes surpris'd by fear
On danger's first alarm ;
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy Almighty arm.
4 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely ;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.
5 They wrest my words, and make them speak
A sense they never meant ;
Their thoughts are all, with restless spite,
On my destruction bent.
6 In close assemblies they combine,
And wicked projects lay ;
They watch my steps, and lie in wait
To make my soul their prey.
7 Shall such injustice still escape ?
O righteous God, arise ;
Let thy just wrath, too long provok'd,
This impious race chastise.
8 Thou numb'rest all my steps, since first
I was compell'd to flee ;
My very tears are treasur'd up,
And register'd by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid,
My foes shall be o'erthrown ;
For I am well assur'd that God
My righteous cause will own.
10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise ;
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due ;
To thee I'll render praise.
13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death ;
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
And make my footsteps sure :
14 That thus protected by thy pow'r,
I may this light enjoy ;
And in the service of my God
My lengthen'd days employ.

Psalm 57.

THY mercy, Lord, to me extend ;
On thy protection I depend ;
And to thy wing for shelter haste,
Till this outrageous storm is pass'd.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou sovereign Judge, and God most high,
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.
3 From heav'n protect me by thine arm,
And shame all those that seek my harm ;
To my relief thy mercy send,
And truth, on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with savage men converse,
Like hungry lions wild and fierce ;
With men whose teeth are spears, their words
Envenom'd darts and two edg'd swords.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me they their net prepar'd,
And had almost my soul ensnar'd ;
But fell themselves, by just decree,
Into the pit they made for me.
7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise :
8 Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round ;
10 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM 58.

SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
If just your sentence be ;
Or must not innocence appeal
To heav'n from your decree ?
2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
Alike by malice sway'd ;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes,
To violence betray'd.
3 To virtue strangers, from the womb
Their infant steps went wrong ;
They prattled slander, and in lies
Employ'd their lisping tongue.
4 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed
Does ranker poison bear ;
The drowsy adder will as soon
Unlock his sullen ear.
5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
As adders they remain ;
From whom the skilful charmer's voice
Can no attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
And timely break their pow'r ;
Disarm these growling lions' jaws,
E'er practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their insolence, at height,
Like ebbing tides be spent ;
Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim,
When they their bow have bent.
8 Like snails let them dissolve to slime ;
Like hasty births, become
Unworthy to behold the sun,
And dead within the womb.
9 E'er thorns can make the fleshpots boil,
Tempestuous wrath shall come
From God, and snatch them hence alive
To their eternal doom.
10 The righteous shall rejoice to see
Their crimes with vengeance meet ;
And saints in persecutors' blood
Shall dip their harmless feet.
11 Transgressors then with grief shall see
Just men rewards obtain ;
And own a God, whose justice will
The guilty earth arraign.

PSALM 59.

DELIVER me, O Lord, my God,
From all my spiteful foes ;
In my defence oppose thy pow'r
To theirs, who me oppose.
2 Preserve me from a wicked race,
Who make a trade of ill ;
Protect me from remorseless men,
Who seek my blood to spill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs
Against my life combine,
Implacable ; yet, Lord, thou know'st,
For no offence of mine.
4 In haste they run about, and watch
My guiltless life to take ;
Look down, O Lord, on my distress,
And to my help awake.
5 Thou, Lord of Hosts, and Israel's God,
Their heathen rage suppress ;
Relentless vengeance take on those
Who stubbornly transgress.
6 At ev'ning, to beset my house,
Like growling dogs they meet ;
While others through the city range,
And ransack ev'ry street.
7 Their throats envenom'd slander breathe ;
Their tongues are sharpen'd swords ;
"Who hears !" say they, "or, hearing, dares
"Reprove our lawless words ?"
8 But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord,
Their baffled plots deride ;
And soon to shame and scorn expose
Their boasted heathen pride.
9 On thee I wait ; 'tis on thy strength
For succour I depend ;
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
Who only can defend.
10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
From danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
My haughty foes to me.

11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once ;
Restrain thy vengeful blow ;
Lest we, ungratefully, too soon
Forget their overthrow.
Disperse them through the nations round
By thy avenging pow'r ;
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
O Lord, our shield and tow'r.
12 Now, in the height of all their hopes,
Their arrogance chastise ;
Whose tongues have sinn'd without restraint,
And curses join'd with lies.
13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endures,
Thine anger, Lord, suppress ;
That distant lands, by their just doom,
May Israel's God confess.
14 At evening let them still persist
Like growling dogs to meet,
Still wander all the city round,
And traverse ev'ry street.
15 Then, as for malice now they do,
For hunger let them stray ;
And yell their vain complaints aloud,
Defeated of their prey.
16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
Thy wondrous power confess ;
For thou hast been my sure defence,
My refuge in distress.
17 To thee with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my strength, I'll sing ;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
My health and safety spring.

PSALM 60.

O GOD, who hast our troops disper's'd,
Forsaking those who left thee first ;
As we thy just displeasure mourn,
To us, in mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand ;
O! heal the breaches thou hast made:
We shake, we fall, without thy aid!
3 Our folly's sad effects we feel ;
For, drunk with discord's cup, we reel :
4 But now, for them who thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect ;
Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct :
6 The holy God has spoke ; and I,
O'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely :
To thee in portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's soil, Samaria's pride ;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And measure out her vale by line.
7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe
To my commands, with Ephraim's tribe ;
Ephraim by arms supports my cause,
And Judah by religious laws.
8 Moab my drudge and slave shall be,
Nor Edom from my yoke get free ;
Proud Palestine's imperious state
Shall humbly on our triumph wait.
9 But who shall quell these mighty pow'rs,
And clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
Or through her guarded frontiers tread
The paths that doth to conquest lead ?
10 E'en thou, O God, who hast dispers'd
Our troops (for we forsook thee first ;)
Those whom thou didst in wrath forsake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain ;
For human succours are but vain.
12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows :
'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.

PSALM 61.

LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r,
Which I, oppress'd with grief,

2 From earth's remotest parts address
To thee for kind relief.
O lodge me safe beyond the reach
Of persecuting pow'r;
3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes
Hast been my shelt'ring tow'r.
4 So shall I in thy sacred courts
Secure from danger lie;
Beneath the covert of thy wings,
All future storms defy.
5 In sign my vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy chosen reign;
6 O! bless with long and prosp'rous life
The king thou didst ordain.
7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign
Accepted in thy sight;
And let thy truth and mercy both
In his defence unite.
8 So shall I ever sing thy praise,
Thy name for ever bless;
Devote my prosp'rous days to pay
The vows of my distress.

PSALM 62.

MY soul for help on God relies;
From him alone my safety flows;
My Rock, my Health, that strength supplies
To bear the shock of all my foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my fall,
Which will but hasten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall,
Or fence of uncemented stone.
4 To make my envy'd honours less,
They strive with lies their chief delight;
For they, though with their mouths they bless,
In private curse with inward spite.
5, 6 But thou, my soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy trust repose:
My Rock and Health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.
7 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send:
He is my fortress and defence;
On him my soul shall still depend.
8 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.
9 The vulgar fickle are and frail;
The great dissemble and betray;
And, laid in truth's impartial scale,
The lightest things will both outweigh
10 Then trust not, in oppressive ways;
By spoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your gain.
11 For God has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundless pow'r possess'd
Belongs, of right, to God alone.
12 Tho' mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight;
Yet will he all the human race
According to their works requite.

PSALM 63.

O God, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be
For thee my thirsty soul does pant:
My fainting flesh implores thy grace
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
2 O! to my longing eyes, once more
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which thy majestic house displays:
3 Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.
4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
With lifted hands adore his name:
5 My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.
6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
And when I wake in dead of night:

7 Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.
8 My soul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless power
In her support is daily shown:
9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay,
That my destruction wish; and they
That seek my life shall lose their own.
10 They by untimely ends shall die,
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie;
But God shall fill the king with joy:
11 Who thee confess shall still rejoice;
Whilst the false tongue, and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, shall silence and destroy.

PSALM 64.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
To my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes,
And free my soul from fear.
2 O! hide me with thy tend'rest care,
In some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise,
And all their plots defeat.
3 See how, intent to work my harm,
They whet their tongues like swords;
And bend their bows to shoot their darts,
Sharp lies, and bitter words.
4 Lurking in private, at the just
They take their secret aim;
And suddenly at him they shoot,
Quite void of fear and shame.
5 To carry on their ill designs
They mutually agree;
They speak of laying private snares,
And think that none shall see.
6 With utmost diligence and care
Their wicked plots they lay;
The deep designs of all their hearts
Are only to betray.
7 But God, to anger justly mov'd,
His dreadful bow shall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point
Shall swift destruction send.
8 Those slanders which their mouths did vent,
Upon themselves shall fall;
Their crimes disclos'd, shall make them be
Despis'd and shunn'd by all.
9 The world shall then God's pow'r confess,
And nations trembling stand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work
Of his avenging hand:
10 Whilst righteous men, whom God secures,
In him shall gladly trust;
And all the list'ning earth shall hear
Loud triumphs of the just.

PSALM 65.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise,
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.
4 Blest is the man who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
Whilst we at humble distance taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.
5 By wondrous acts, O God, most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found:
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom stormy waves surround.
6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills,
And does his matchless pow'r engage,

With which the sea's loud waves he stills,
And angry crowd's tumultuous rage.

PART 2.

3 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay,
When they thy dreadful tokens view;
With joy they see the night and day
Each other's track, by turns, pursue.
9 From out thy unexhausted store
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.
10 On rising ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,
In which a blest increase distils.
11 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green;
The hills about, in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

PSALM 66.

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.
3 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works, art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
4 Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.
5 O! come, behold the works of God;
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgment shown.
6 He made the sea become dry land,
Through which our fathers walk'd;
Whilst to each other of his might
With joy his people talk'd.
7 He, by his pow'r, for ever rules;
His eyes the world survey;
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against his sovereign sway.

PART 2.

8, 9 O! all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.
10 For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as fire
Does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
Oppressing burdens bore.
12 Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
Through fire and water chase;
But yet, at last, thou brought'st us forth
Into a wealthy place.
13 Burnt-off'rings to thy house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
14 Which I with solemn zeal did make
In trouble's dismal day.
15 Then shall the richest incense smoke,
The fattest rams shall fall,
The choicest goats from out the fold,
And bullocks from the stall.
16 O! come all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful care,
Whilst I what God for me has done
With grateful joy declare.

17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd,
So now I praise his name ;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
Would all my pray'rs disclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
His gracious ear did bend,
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.
20 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

Psalm 67.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine :
2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.
4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.
5 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.
6 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose ;
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows.
7 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings show'r ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless pow'r.

Psalm 68.

LET God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his presumptuous foes ;
Let shameful rout their host surprise,
Who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost,
Or wax into the furnace cast ;
So let their sacrilegious host
Before his wrathful presence waste.
3 But let the servants of his will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy ;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.
4 To him your voice in anthems raise ;
Jehovah's awful name he bears ;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.
5 Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil
Restores poor exiles to their home;
Makes captives free, and fruitless toil
Their proud oppressor's righteous doom.
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead
In person, Lord, our armies forth ;
Strange terrors through the desert spread,
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain distil,
And heav'n's high arches shook with fear :
How then should Sinai's humble hill
Of Israel's God the presence bear?
9 Thy hand, at famish'd earth's complaint,
Reliev'd her from celestial stores,
And when thy heritage was faint,
Assuag'd the drought with plenteous show'rs.
10 Where savages had rang'd before,
At ease thou mad'st our tribes reside ;
And, in the desert, for the poor
Thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

Part 2.

11 Thou gav'st the word ; we sally'd forth,
And in that pow'rful word o'ercame ;

While virgin-troops, with songs of mirth,
In state our conquest did proclaim.
12 Vast armies, by such gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forsook their camp with sudden dread,
And to our women left the spoil.
13 Though Egypt's drudges you have been,
Your army's wing shall shine as bright
As doves, in golden sun-shine seen,
Or silver'd o'er with paler light.
14 'Twas so, when God's Almighty hand
O'er scatter'd kings the conquest won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's strand,
High Salmon's glitt'ring snow outshone.
15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast,
And Bashan's hill we did advance:
No more her height shall Bashan boast,
But that she's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore (though the hon-our's great)
Should this, O mountain, swell your pride?
For Sion is his chosen seat,
Where he for ever will reside.
17 His chariots numberless; his pow'rs
Are heav'nly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
18 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led;
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies once their dread.
Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.
19 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great name ador'd,
20 Who is our Saviour, and our God,
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.
21 But justice for his harden'd foes
Proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of those
Who in presumptuous crimes proceed.
22 The Lord hath thus in thunder spoke:
"As I subdu'd proud Bashan's king,
"Once more I'll break my people's yoke,
"And from the deep my servants bring.
23 "Their feet shall with a crimson flood
"Of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er;
"Nor earth receive such impious blood,
"But leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore."

PART 3.

24 When, marching to thy blest abode,
The wond'ring multitude survey'd
The pompous state of thee, our God,
In robes of majesty array'd;
25 Sweet singing Levites led the van;
Loud instruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops, a virgin-train
With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
26 This was the burthen of their song:
"In full assemblies bless the Lord;
"All who to Israel's tribes belong,
"Of Israel's God the praise record."
27 Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne
Her counsellors in state did send;
But Zebulon's remoter seat,
And Naphtali's more distant coast,
The grand procession to complete,
Sent up their tribes, a princely host.

28 Thus God to strength and union brought
Our tribes, at strife till that blest hour;
This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought,
Confirm with fresh recruits of pow'r.
29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend,
And Sion, thy terrestrial throne;
Where kings with parents shall attend,
And thee with offer'd crowns atone.
30 Break down the spearmen's ranks, who threat
Like pamper'd herds of savage might;
Their silver-armour'd chiefs defeat,
Who in destructive war delight.
31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
Her hands, and Afric homage bring;
32 The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth
Their common Sov'reign's praises sing;
33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of ancient heav'n, sublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.
34 Ascribe the power to God most high;
Of humble Israel he takes care;
Whose strength, from out the dusky sky,
Darts shinning terrors through the air.
35 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
His strength his feeble saints supports,
To give God praise, and him alone.

PSALM 69.

SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul:

2 With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.
3 With restless cries my spirits faint,
My voice is hoarse with long complaint;
My sight decays with tedious pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.
4 My hairs, though num'rous, are but few
Compar'd with foes that me pursue
With groundless hate; grown now of might
To execute their lawless spite.
They force me, guiltless, to resign,
As rapine, what by right was mine:
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence dost see,
Nor are my sins conceal'd from thee.
6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care,
Lest, for my sake, thy saints despair;
7 Since I have suffered for thy name
Reproach, and hid my face in shame;
8 A stranger to my country grown,
Nor to my nearer kindred known;
A foreigner, expos'd to scorn
By brethren of my mother born.
9 For zeal to thy lov'd house and name
Consumes me like devouring flame;
Concern'd at their affront to thee,
More than at slanders cast on me.
10 My very tears and abstinence
They construe in a spiteful sense;
11 When cloth'd with sackcloth for their sake,
They me their common proverb make.
12 Their judges at my wrongs do jest,
Those wrongs they ought to have redress'd;
How should I then expect to be
From libels of lewd drunkards free?
13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store;
Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From spiteful foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.
15 Control the deluge, ere it spread,
And roll its waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's open pit
To close her jaws on me permit.
16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make,
For thy transcend'ng goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.
17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face;
Make haste, for desp'rate is my case;
18 Thy timely succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless foes.
19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn
I from my enemies have borne;
Nor can their close dissembled spite,
Or darkest plots escape thy sight.
20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.
21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call;
Instead of food, they give me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.
22 Their tables therefore, to their health
Shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth;
23 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes,
And sudden blasts their hopes surprise.
24 On them thou shalt thy fury pour,
Till thy fierce wrath their race devour;
25 And make their house a dismal cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
26 For new afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy stripes endur'd;
And made the wound, thy scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh, with sharper scorn.
27 Sin shall to sin their steps betray,
Till they to truth have lost the way:
28 From life thou shalt exclude their soul,
Nor with the just their names enrol.
29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore;
30 Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy name.
31 Our God shall this more highly prize,
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
32 Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.
33 For God regards the poor's complaint;
Sets pris'ners free from close restraint:
34 Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.
35 For God will Sion's walls erect;
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect;
Till all her scatter'd sons repair
To undisturb'd possession there.
36 This blessing they shall, at their death,
To their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endless ages more
Of such as his blest name adore.

PSALM 70.

O LORD, to my relief draw near;
For never was more pressing need;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.
2 Confusion on their heads return
Who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile design.
3 Their doom let desolation be;
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
And sport of my afflictions made.
4 While those who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy saving grace,
With me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.

5 Thus, wretched though I am and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care:
Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

PSALM 71.

IN thee I put my steadfast trust;
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul;
For righteous is thy name.
3 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
Thou art my rock and fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest youth till now,
My hope has been in thee.
6 Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
To sing thy constant praise.
7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze,
Thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise,
My mouth shall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay;
Forsake me not when, worn with years,
My vigour fades away.
10 My foes against my fame and me
With crafty malice, speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares,
And mutual counsel take:
11 "His God," say they, "forsakes him now,
"On whom he did rely;
"Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
"Of timely aid is nigh."
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,
For speedy help I call:
13 To shame and ruin bring my foes,
That seek to work my fall.
14 But as for me, my steadfast hope
Shall on thy pow'r depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

PART 2.

15 Thy righteous acts and saving health,
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Tho' summ'd with utmost care.
16 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth
To praise thy glorious name;
And, ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.
18 Then now forsake me not, when I
Am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to these and future times
Thy strength and pow'r have shown.
19 How high thy justice soars, O God!
How great and wondrous are
The mighty works which thou hast done!
Who may with thee compare!
20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd,
Thy grace shall yet relieve;
And from the lowest depth of woe,
With tender care retrieve.
21 Through thee my time to come shall be
With pow'r and greatness crown'd;
And me, who dismal years have pass'd,
Thy comforts shall surround.
22 Then I with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, will praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.
23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.
24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts
Shall all the day proclaim;
Because thou didst confound my foes,
And brought'st them all to shame.

Psalm 72.

LORD, let thy just decrees the king
In all his ways direct ;
And let his son, throughout his reign,
Thy righteous laws respect.
2 So shall he still thy people judge
With pure and upright mind ;
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
Their just protector find.
3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace ;
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness :
4 Whilst he the poor and needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway ;
And from their humble necks shall take
Oppressive yokes away.
5 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.
6 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth ;
Or like warm show'rs, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.
7 In his blest days the just and good
Shall be with favour crown'd ;
The happy land shall ev'ry where
With endless peace abound
8 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend ;
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams,
At nature's limits end.
9 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads ;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquests spreads.
10 The king of Tarshish, and the isles,
Shall costly presents bring ;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.
11 To him shall ev'ry king on earth
His humble homage pay ;
And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.
12 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry ;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

Part 2.

13 His providence for needy souls
Shall due supplies prepare ;
And over their defenceless lives
Shall watch with tender care.
14 He shall preserve and keep their souls
From fraud and rapine free ;
And, in his sight, their guiltless blood
Of mighty price shall be.
15 Therefore shall God his life and reign
To many years extend ;
Whilst eastern princes tribute pay,
And golden presents send.
For him shall constant prayers be made,
Through all his prosp'rous days ;
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.
16 Of useful grain, through all the land,
Great plenty shall appear ;
A handful, sown on mountain-tops,
A mighty crop shall bear :
Its fruits, like cedars shook by winds,
A rattling noise shall yield ;
The city too shall thrive, and vie
For plenty with the field.
17 The mem'ry of his glorious name
Through endless years shall run ;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.
In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By ev'ry tongue confess'd.
18 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears ;
Who only wondrous in his works,
Beyond compare appears.
19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd ;
For ever bless his name ;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM 73.

AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind;
That all whose hearts are pure and clean
Shall his protecting favour find.
2, 3 Till this sustaining truth I knew,
My stagg'ring faith had almost fail'd;
I griev'd the sinners' wealth to view,
And envy'd when the fool's prevail'd.
4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend,
And, whilst they live, are hale and strong;
No plagues or troubles them offend,
Which oft to other men belong.
6, 7 With pride, as with a chain they're held,
And rapine seems their robe of state;
Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd;
They grow, beyond their wishes, great.
8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,
Oppressive methods they defend;
Their tongue through all the earth does walk;
Their blasphemies to heav'n ascend.
10 And yet admiring crowds are found,
Who servile visits duly make;
Because with plenty they abound,
Of which their flatt'ring slaves partake.
11 Their fond opinions these pursue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
"How should the Lord our actions view?
"Can he perceive who dwells so high?"
12 Behold the wicked! these are they
Who openly their sins profess;
And yet their wealth's increas'd each day,
And all their actions meet success.
13, 14 "Then have I cleans'd my heart," said I,
"And wash'd my hands from guilt, in vain,
"If all the day oppress'd I lie,
"And ev'ry morning suffer pain."
15 Thus did I once to speak intend;
But, if such things I rashly say,
Thy children, Lord, I must offend,
And basely should their cause betray.

PART 2.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
But found the case too hard for me;
Till to the house of God I went;
Then I their end did plainly see.
18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
On slipp'ry places loosely stand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Cast down by thy avenging hand.
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate!
Despis'd by thee, when they're destroy'd;
As waking men with scorn do treat
The fancies that their dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief opprest,
My reins were rack'd with restless pains;
So stupid was I, like a beast,
Who no reflecting thought retains.
23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supply'd,
And thy right hand assistance gave:
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.
25 Whom then in heav'n, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I besides thee can desire.
26 My trembling flesh, and aching heart,
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall:
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM 74.

WHY hast thou cast us off, O God?
Wilt thou no more return?
O! why against thy chosen flock
Does thy fierce anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
The land that is thy own,
By thee redeem'd; and Sion's mount,
Where once thy glory shone.
3 O! come and view our ruin'd state;
How long our troubles last;
See how the foe, with wicked rage,
Has laid thy temple waste.
4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name: where late
Thy zealous servants pray'd,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp,
Their banners have display'd.
5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once
Advance the artist's fame,
With axe and hammer they destroy,
Like works of vulgar frame.
7 Thy holy temple they have burn'd;
And what escap'd the flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
Though sacred to thy name.
8 Thy worship wholly to destroy
Maliciously they aim'd;
And all the sacred places burn'd,
Where we thy praise proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st
No tender signs to send;
We have no prophet now, that knows
When the sad state shall end.

PART 2.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
Th' insulting foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy name
For evermore be lost!
11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand,
And on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
So calmly lett'st it rest.
12 Thou heretofore, with kingly pow'r,
In our defence hast fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring world,
Hast great salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, who did'st the sea
By thy own strength divide;
Thou break'st the wat'ry monsters' heads;
The waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.
14 The greatest, fiercest of them all,
That seem'd the deep to sway,
Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made
To savage beasts a prey.
15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st
The waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'st through parted streams
Thy wand'ring people go.
16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The black return of night;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,
And ev'ry feebler light.
17 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command.

PART 3.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes
Have daily urg'd our shame;
And how the foolish people have
Blasphem'd thy holy name.

19 O! free thy mourning turtle-dove,
By sinful crowds beset;
Nor the assembly of thy poor
For evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard,
And make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land
Is fill'd with men of blood.
21 O! let not the oppress'd return
With sorrow cloth'd, and shame;
But let the helpless and the poor
For ever praise thy name.
22 Arise, O God, in our behalf;
Thy cause and ours maintain;
Remember how insulting fools
Each day thy name profane.
23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes
For evermore to cease;
Whose insolence, if unchastis'd,
Will more and more increase.

PSALM 75.

TO thee, O God, we render praise,
To thee, with thanks repair;
For, that thy name to us is nigh,
Thy wondrous works declare.
2 In Israel when my throne is fix'd,
With me shall justice reign:
3 The land with discord shakes; but I
The sinking frame sustain.
4 Deluded wretches I advis'd
Their errors to redress;
And warn'd bold sinners, that they should
Their swelling pride suppress.
5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if
No pow'r could yours restrain;
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn
To speak with less disdain;
6 For that promotion, which to gain
Your vain ambition strives,
From neither east nor west, nor yet
From southern climes arrives.
7 For God the great disposer is,
And sovereign Judge alone,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
The humble to a throne.
8 His hand holds forth a d
cup;
With purple wine 'tis crow
The deadly mixture which his wrath
Deals out to nations round.
Of this his saints sometimes may taste;
But wicked men shall squeeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd
To drink the very lees.
9 His prophet, I, to all the world
This message will relate;
The justice then of Jacob's God
My song shall celebrate.
10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,
Their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the just, and seat him high
Above the reach of harm.

PSALM 76.

IN Judah the Almighty's known,
Almighty there by wonders shown:
His name in Jacob does excel:
2 His sanctu'ry in Salem stands;
The Majesty that heav'n commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.
3 He brake the bow and arrows there,
The shield, and temper'd sword, and spear;
There slain the mighty army lay:
4 Where Sion's fame through earth is spread,
Of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.
5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful foil:
Securely down to sleep they lay;
But wak'd no more their stoutest band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'Gainst his that did their legions slay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horse and charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless night:
7 When thou, whom earth and heaven revere,

Dost once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal pow'r can stand thy sight?
8 Pronounc'd from heav'n earth heard its doom,
Grew hush'd with fear, when thou didst come
9 The meek with justice to restore:
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise:
Its last attempts but serve to raise
The triumphs of Almighty pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations; bring
Vow'd presents to th' eternal King:
Thus to his name due rev'rence pay,
12 Who proudest potentates can quell,
To earthly kings more terrible,
Than to their trembling subjects they.

Psalm 77.

TO God I cry'd, who to my help
Did graciously repair;
2 In trouble's dismal day I sought
My God with humble pray'r.
All night my fest'ring wound did run;
No med'cine gave relief:
My soul no comfort would admit;
My soul indulg'd her grief.
3 I thought on God, and favours past;
But that increas'd my pain:
I found my spirit more oppress'd,
The more I did complain.
4 Through ev'ry watch of tedious night
Thou keep'st my eyes awake:
My grief is swell'd to that excess,
I sigh, but cannot speak.
5 I call'd to mind the days of old,
With signal mercy crown'd;
Those famous years of ancient times,
For miracles renown'd.
6 By night I recollect my songs,
On former triumphs made;
Then search, consult, and ask my heart,
Where's now that wondrous aid?
7 Has God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his favours quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth
Retir'd to endless night?
9 Can his long-practis'd love forget
Its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
His mercy's healing spring?
10 I said, my weakness hints these fears,
But I'll my fears disband;
I'll yet remember the Most High,
And years of his right hand.
11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart shall meditate,
My tongue shall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
O God, thy counsels are!
Who is so great a God as ours?
Who can with him compare?
14 Long since a God of wonders thee
Thy rescu'd people found;
15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed
With strong deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee, O God, the waters saw,
The frighted billows shrunk;
The troubled depths themselves for fear
Beneath their channels sunk.
17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending skies
Did with their noise conspire;
Thy arrows all abroad were sent,
Wing'd with avenging fire.
18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn,
Whilst all the lower world
With lightnings blaz'd, earth shook, and seem'd
From her foundations hurl'd.
19 Through rolling streams thou find'st thy way,
Thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wondrous passage, where no sight
Thy footsteps can descry.
20 Thou lead'st thy people like a flock
Safe through the desert land,
By Moses, their meek skilful guide,
And Aaron's sacred hand.

Psalm 78.

HEAR, O my people, to my law
Devout attention lend ;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.
2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And own'd for truths of old :
3 Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down
4 We will not hide them from our sons ;
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.
5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd,
This league with Israel made ;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race, convey'd.
6 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.
7 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands.
8 Lest, like their fathers, they might prove
A stiff rebellious race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
Unsteadfast in his grace.
9 Such were revolting Ephraim's sons,
Who, though to warfare bred,
And skilful archers, arm'd with bows,
From field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falsified their league with God,
His orders disobey'd,
Forgot his works and miracles
Before their eyes display'd.
12 Nor wonders, which their fathers saw,
Did they in mind retain,
Prodigious things in Egypt done,
And Zoan's fertile plain.
13 He cut the seas to let them pass,
Restrain'd the pressing flood ;
While pil'd on heaps, on either side
The solid waters stood.
14 A wondrous pillar led them on,
Compos'd of shade and light ;
A shelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day,
A leading fire by night.
15 When drought oppress'd them, where no stream
The wilderness supply'd,
He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast
Dissolv'd into a tide.
16 Streams from the solid rock he brought,
Which down in rivers fell,
That, trav'lling with their camp, each day
Renew'd the miracle.
17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,
Provoking the most High,
In that same desert where he did
Their fainting souls supply.
18 They first incens'd him in their hearts,
That did his power distrust,
And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want,
But to indulge their lust.
19 Then utter'd their blaspheming doubts ;
" Can God," say they, " prepare
" A table in the wilderness,
" Set out with various fare ?
20 " He smote the flinty rock, 'tis true,
" And gushing streams ensu'd ;
" But can he corn and flesh provide
" For such a multitude ?"
21 The Lord with indignation heard:
From heav'n avenging flame
On Jacob fell, consuming wrath
On thankless Israel came :
22 Because their unbelieving hearts
In God would not confide,
Nor trust his care, who had from heav'n
Their wants so oft supply'd ;
23 Though he had made his clouds discharge
Provisions down in show'rs ;

And when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs
From his celestial stores;
24 Though tasteful manna was rain'd down,
Their hunger to relieve;
Though from the stores of heaven they did
Sustaining corn receive.
25 Thus man with angels sacred food,
Ungrateful man was fed;
Not sparingly, for still they found
A plenteous table spread.
26 From heav'n he made an east wind blow,
Then did the south command.
27 To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls
Like sea's unnumber'd sand.
28 Within their trenches he let fall
The luscious easy prey;
And all around their spreading camp
The ready booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd; he gave them leave
Their appetites to feast;
30, 31 Yet still their wanton lust crav'd on,
Nor with their hunger ceas'd.
But whilst in their luxurious mouths,
They did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God smote down their chiefs,
And Israel's chosen slew,

PART 2.

32 Yet still they sinn'd nor would afford
His miracles belief:
33 Therefore through fruitless travels he
Consum'd their lives in grief.
34 When some were slain, the rest return'd
To God with early cry;
35 Own'd him the Rock of their defence,
Their Saviour, God most high.
36 But this was fain'd submission all;
Their heart their tongue bely'd;
37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would
Firm in his league abide.
38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave,
Nor did with death chastise;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aside,
Or would not let it rise.
39 For he remember'd they were flesh,
That could not long remain:
A murm'ring wind, that's quickly past,
And ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
How oft his patience grieve,
In that same desert where he did
Their fainting souls relieve!
41 They tempted him by turning back,
And wickedly repin'd,
When Israel's God refus'd to be
By their desires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day
That their redemption brought;
43 His signs in Egypt, wondrous works
In Zoan's valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their rivers into blood,
That man and beast forbore,
And rather chose to die of thirst
Than drink the putrid gore.
45 He sent devouring swarms of flies;
Hoarse frogs annoy'd their soil;
46 Locusts and caterpillars reap'd
The harvest of their toil.
47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke;
With frost the fig-tree dies;
48 Lightning and hail made flocks and herds
One gen'ral sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his anger loose, and set
No time for it to cease;
And with their plagues ill angels sent,
Their torments to increase.
50 He clear'd a passage for his wrath
To ravage uncontroll'd;
The murrain on their firstlings seiz'd,
In every field and fold.
51 The deadly pest from beast to man,
From field to city, came;

It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes,
Through all the tents of Ham.
52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep,
He brought from their distress;
And them conducted like a flock,
Throughout the wilderness.
53 He led them on, and in their way
No cause of fear they found;
But march'd securely through those deeps,
In which their foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his care, till them he brought
Safe to his promis'd land;
And to his holy mount, the prize
Of his victorious hand.
55 To them the outcast heathen's land
He did by lot divide;
And in their foes' abandon'd tents
Made Israel's tribes reside.

PART 3.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd
The wrath of God most high;
Nor would to practise his commands
Their stubborn hearts apply;
57 But in their faithless fathers' steps
Perversely chose to go;
They turn'd aside, like arrows shot
From some deceitful bow.
58 For him to fury they provok'd
With altars set on high;
And with their graven images
Inflam'd his jealousy.

59 When God heard this, on Israel's tribes
His wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shiloh, and the tents
Where once he chose to dwell.

61 To vile captivity his ark,
His glory to disdain,
62 His people to the sword he gave,
Nor would his wrath restrain.

63 Destructive war their ablest youth
Untimely did confound;
No virgin was to th' altar led,
With nuptial garlands crown'd.

64 In fight the sacrificer fell,
The priest a victim bled;
And widows, who their death should mourn,
Themselves of grief were dead.
65 Then, as a giant rous'd from sleep,
Whom wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
And his proud foe alarm'd.
66 He smote their host, that from the field
A scatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs
Of everlasting shame.
67 With conquest crown'd, he Joseph's tents
And Ephraim's tribe forsook;
68 But Judah chose, and Sion's mount
For his lov'd dwelling took.
69 His temple he erected there,
With spires exalted high;
While deep, and fix'd, as those of earth,
The strong foundations lie.
70 His faithful servant David too
He for his choice did own,
And from the sheepfolds him advanc'd
To sit on Judah's throne.
71 From tending on the teeming ewes,
He brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes
Of Israel's chosen seed.
72 Exalted thus, the monarch prov'd
A faithful shepherd still;
He fed them with an upright heart,
And guided them with skill.

PSALM 79.

BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts
Have thy possession seiz'd;
Thy sacred house they have defil'd,
Thy holy city raz'd!
2 The mangled bodies of thy saints
Abroad unburied lay.
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts,
And rav'nous birds of prey.
3 Quite through Jerus'lem was their blood
Like common water shed;

And none were left alive to pay
Last duties to the dead.
4 The neighb'ring lands our small remains
With loud reproaches wound;
And we a laughing-stock are made
To all the nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
Must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
Like fire for ever burn?
6 On foreign lands, that know not thee,
Thy heavy vengeance show'r;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush,
That have not own'd thy pow'r.
7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd
On Jacob's chosen race;
And to a barren desert turn'd
Their fruitful dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former sins,
But speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
Almost with sorrow spent.
9 Thou God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

10 Let infidels, that scoffing say,
"Where is the God they boast?"
In vengeance for thy slaughter'd saints,
Perceive thee to their cost.

11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ners moans,
Thy saving pow'r extend;
Preserve the wretches doom'd to die,
From that untimely end.

12 On them who us oppress let all
Our suff'rings be repaid;
Make their confusion sev'n times more
Than what on us they laid.

13 So we, thy people and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

PSALM 80

O ISRAEL's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.
2 Behold how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our deliv'rance the effects
Of thy resistless strength to find,
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their pray'rs have no return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our scanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirst we quench
With streams of tears that largely flow.
6 For us the heathen nations round,
As for a common prey, contest;
Our foes with spiteful joys abound,
And at our lost condition jest.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display,
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix'd it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root,
Which, blest with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot,

10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates' stream.
12 Why then hast thou its hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou hast made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its grapes, defenceless grown,
Are pluck'd by those that pass along.
13 See how the bristling forest-boar
With dreadful fury lays it waste;
Hark! how the savage monsters roar,
And to their helpless prey make haste.

PART 3.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heav'n, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.
15 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey,
And all its spreading boughs cut down;
At thy rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful frown.
17 Crown thou the King with good success,
By thy right hand secur'd from wrong;
The Son of Man in mercy bless,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
18 So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM 81.

TO God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing;
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.
2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps
Your grateful skill employ.
3 Let trumpets at the great new moon
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.
4 For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed;
To be with pious care observ'd
By Israel's chosen seed.
5 This he for a memorial fix'd,
When, freed from Egypt's land,
Strange nations' barb'rous speech we heard,
But could not understand.
6 Your burden'd shoulders I reliev'd,
(Thus seems our God to say)
Your servile hands by me were freed
From lab'ring in the clay.
7 Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd,
To me for aid did call;
With pity I their suff'rings saw,
And set them free from all.
They sought for me, and from the cloud
In thunder I reply'd;
At Meribah's contentious stream
Their faith and duty try'd.

PART 2.

8 While I my solemn will declare,
My chosen people, hear:
If thou, O Israel, to my words
Wilt lend thy list'ning ear;
9 Then shall no god besides myself
Within thy coasts be found;
Nor shalt thou worship any god
Of all the nations round.

10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
Brought forth from Egypt's land;
'Tis I that all thy just desires
Supply with lib'ral hand.
11 But they, my chosen race, refus'd
To hearken to my voice;
Nor would rebellious Israel's sons
Make me their happy choice.
12 So I, provok'd, resign'd them up,
To ev'ry lust a prey;
And in their own preverse designs
Permitted them to stray.
13 O that my people wisely would
My just commandments heed!
And Israel in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!
14 Then should my heavy judgments fall
On all that them oppose,
And my avenging hand be turn'd
Against their num'rous foes.
15 Their enemies and mine should all
Before my foot-stool bend;
But as for them, their happy state
Should never know an end.
16 All parts with plenty should abound;
With finest wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to please their taste,
Should richest honey yield.

PSALM 82.

GOD in the great assembly stands,
Where his impartial eye
In state surveys the earthly gods,
And does their judgments try.
2, 3 How dare ye then unjustly judge,
Or be to sinners' kind!
Defend the orphans and the poor;
Let such your justice find.
4 Protect the humble helpless man,
Reduc'd to deep distress;
And let not him become a prey
To such as would oppress.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
But blindly rove and stray;
Justice and truth, the world's supports,
Through all the land decay.
6 Well then might God in anger say,
"I've call'd you by my name;
"I've said ye're gods, and all ally'd
"To the Most High in fame:
7 "But ne'ertheless your unjust deeds
"To strict account I'll call;
"You all shall die like common men,
"Like other tyrants fall."
8 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord,
Throughout the earth display;
And all the nations of the world
Shall own thy righteous sway.

PSALM 83.

HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,
No longer silent be;
Nor with consenting quiet looks
Our ruin calmly see.
2 For lo! the tumults of thy foes
O'er all the land are spread;
And those who hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head.
3 Against thy zealous people, Lord,
They craftily combine;
And to destroy thy chosen saints
Have laid their close design.
4 "Come let us cut them off," say they,
"Their nation quite deface;
"That no remembrance may remain
"Of Israel's hated race."
5 Thus they against thy people's peace
Consult with one consent;
And diff'ring nations, jointly leagu'd,
Their common malice vent.
6 The Ishmaelites, that dwell in tents,
With warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's sons, our ruin vow,
With Hager's race combin'd.
7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too,
With Amalek conspire;
The lords of Palestine, and all
The wealthy sons of Tyre.
8 All these the strong Assyrian king
Their firm ally have got;
Who with a pow'rful army aids
Th' incestuous race of Lot.

PART 2.

9 But let such vengeance come to them,
As once to Midian came;
To Jabin and proud Sisera,
At Kishon's fatal stream;
10 When thy right hand their num'rous hosts
Near Endor did confound,
And left their carcases for dung
To feed the hungry ground.
11 Let all their mighty men the fate
Of Zeb and Oreb share;
As Zeba and Zalmuna, so
Let all their princes fare:
12 Who, with the same design inspir'd,
Thus vainly boasting spake,
"In firm possession for ourselves
"Let us God's houses take."
13 To ruin let them haste like wheels
Which downwards swiftly move;
Like chaff before the wind, let all
Their scatter'd forces prove.
14, 15 As flames consume dry wood, or heath,
That on parch'd mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing wrath
With terrors strike thy foes.
16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace,
That they may own thy name;
Or them confound, whose harden'd hearts
Thy gentler means disclaim.
18 So shall the wond'ring world confess,
That thou who claim'st alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth
Hast rais'd thy lofty throne.

PSALM 84.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory show'st
The brightness of thy face!
2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.
3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.
4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!
5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!
6 Who pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
Yet no refreshment want;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
At their request dost grant.
7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount,
Before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
My just request regard:
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
Be still with favour heard.
9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
Canst timely aid dispense;
On thy anointed servant look,
Be thou his strong defence.
10 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.
Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.
11 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.
12 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on thee.

PSALM 85.

LORD, thou hast granted to thy land
The favours we implor'd,

And faithful Jacob's captive race
Hast graciously restor'd.
2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast forgiv'n,
And all their guilt defac'd;
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce anger last.
4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake
Thy wonted aid afford.
8 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he, with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.
9 To all that fear his holy name
His sure salvation's near;
And in its former happy state
Our nation shall appear.
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.
11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty show'r.
13 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

Psalm 86.

TO my complaints, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.
2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.
3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.
6 To my repeated, humble pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be;
7 When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.
8 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.
9 Therefore their great Creator thee
The nations shall adore;
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
To thy bless'd name restore.
10 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, the God supreme,
Confess thee God alone.

Part 2.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred name
Devoutly fix my heart.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.
13 Thy boundless mercy shown to me,
Transcends my pow'r to tell;
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.
14 O God, the sons of pride and strife
Have my destruction sought;
Regardless of thy pow'r, that oft
Has my deliv'rance wrought.

15 But thou thy constant goodness didst
To my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
Thou everlasting spring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength
To me thy servant show!
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,
Thine handmaid's son, bestow.
17 Some signal give, which my proud foes
May see with shame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief
And comfort dost engage.

PSALM 87.

GOD's temple crowns the holy mount;
The Lord there condescends to dwell;
2 His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O city of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise,
In Babylon's applauses join,
The fame of Ethiopia raise,
With that of Tyre and Palestine;
And grant that some amongst them born,
Their age and country did adorn.
5 But still of Sion I'll aver,
That many such from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her;
6 His gen'ral list shall show, when read,
That such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.
7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musicians skill'd;
And (her transcending fame to crown,)
Of such she shall successions bring,
Like water from a living spring.

PSALM 88.

TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night address my cry;
2 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear;
To my distress incline thine ear.

3 For seas of trouble me invade,
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade;
4 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead:
5 Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
6 Cast off from thy sustaining care,
Down to the confines of despair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with restless pain;
Me all thy mountain waves have press'd,
Too weak, alas, to bear the least.
8 Remov'd from friends, I sigh alone,
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confin'd, past hopes of liberty.
9 My eyes from weeping never cease;
They waste, but still my griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-stretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.
10 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
From death restore, thy praise to sing,
Whom thou from prison would'st not bring?
11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess!
A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness?
12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain
Where darkness and oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn;
My pray'r prevents the early morn:
14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look?
15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors past distract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.

16 Thy wrath hath burst upon my head,
Thy terrors fill my soul with dread;
17 Environ'd as with waves comb'd,
And for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all
Remov'd from sight, and out of call;
To dark oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

PSALM 89.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song;
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never failing truth shall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last:
Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
3 Thus spak'st thou by thy Prophet's voice,
"With David I a league have made:
"To him, my servant, and my choice,
"By solemn oath this grant convey'd;
4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
"Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
"To them thy throne I will ensure,
"They shall to endless ages reign."
5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.
6 What Seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth
With our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With rev'rence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his Almighty name confess.
8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of such a num'rous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?
9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
10 Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride,
And didst oppressing pow'r disarm;
Thy scatter'd foes have dearly try'd
The force of thy resistless arm.
11 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
12 The poles on which the globe does rest
Were form'd by thy creating voice;
Tabor and Hermon, east and west,
In thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
14 Possess'd with absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

16 Thy saints shall always be o'er-
joy'd,
Who on thy sacred name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd
Above their foes he rais'd on
high.

17 For in thy strength they shall
advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour
spring;

18 The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

19 Thus spak'st thou by thy Proph-
et's voice,
"A mighty champion I will send;
"From Judah's tribe have I made
choice
"Of one, who shall the rest de-
fend.

20 "My servant David I have found,
"With holy oil anointed him;

21 "Him shall the hand support,
that crown'd,
"And guard, that gave the dia-
dem.

22 "No prince from him shall
tribute force,
"No son of strife shall him
annoy;

23 "His spiteful foes I will disperse,
"And them before his face de-
stroy.

24 "My truth and grace shall him
sustain;
"His armies, in well-order'd
ranks,

25 "Shall conquer, from the Tyrian
Main
"To Tigris and Euphrates' banks.

26 "Me for his father he shall take,
"His God and rock of safety call;

27 "Him I my first-born son will
make,
"And earthly kings his subjects
all.

28 "To him my mercy I'll secure,
"My cov'nant make for ever fast;

29 "His seed for ever shall endure;
"His throne, till heav'n dissolves,
shall last.

PART 2.

30 "But if his heirs my law forsake,
"And from my sacred precepts
stray;

31 "If they my righteous statutes
break,
"Nor strictly my commands obey,

32 "Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
"And for their folly make them
smart;

33 "Yet will not cease to be their
God,
"Nor from my truth like them
depart.

34 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
"But in remembrance fast retain;
"The thing that once my lips have
spoke
"Shall in eternal force remain.

35 "Once I have sworn, but once
for all,
"And made my holiness the tie,
"That I my grant will ne'er recall,
"Nor to my servant David lie;

36 "Whose throne and race the
constant sun
"Shall, like his course, establish'd
see;

37 "Of this my oath, thou con-
scious moon,
"In heav'n my faithful witness
be."

38 Such was thy gracious promise,
Lord;
But thou hast now our tribes
forsook,
Thy own Anointed hast abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful
look.

39 Thou seemest to have render'd
void
The cov'nant with thy servant
made;
Thou hast his dignity destroy'd,
And in the dust his honour laid.

40 Of strong holds thou hast him
bereft,
And brought his bulwarks to
decay;

41 His frontier coast defenceless
left,
A public scorn and common
prey,

42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield
To foes, advanc'd by thee to might;
43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd,
His valour turn'd to shameful flight.
44 His glory is to darkness fled,
His throne is levell'd with the ground;
45 His youth to wretched bondage led,
With shame o'erwhelm'd and sorrow drown'd.
46 How long shall we thy absence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy consuming anger burn,
Till that and we at once expire?
47 Consider, Lord, how short a space
Thou dost for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race,
But loading it with grief and pain.
48 What man is he that can control
Death's strict unalterable doom?
Or rescue from the grave his soul,
The grave that must mankind entomb?
49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace,
The oath to which thy truth did seal,
Consign'd to David and his race,
The grant which time shall ne'er repeal?
50 See how thy servants treated are
With infamy, reproach and spite;
Which in my silent breast I bear,
From nations of licentious might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great name,
Have made thy servant's hope their jest;
52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim,
And ever sing, The Lord be blest.

PSALM 90.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty God,
And ever art the same.
3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.
4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.
5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams:
6 But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,
Before the evening close.
7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd,
And by thy wrath dismay'd;
Our public crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like tales that quickly end.
10 Our term of time is sev'nty years,
An age that few survive;
But if with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive,
Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turn'd and pain;
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PART 2.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

13 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent!
As we forsake our sins, do thou
Revoke our punishment.
14 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.
15 Let happy times, with large amends,
Dry up our former tears,
Or equal at the least the term
Of our afflicted years.
16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wondrous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn
Thy glorious power be shown.
17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM 91.

HE that has God his guardian made
Shall, under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide:
2 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.
3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence:
4 He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.
5 No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
6 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the hottest season slay.
7 A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains;
8 Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's dismal tragedy,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.
9 Because, with well-plac'd confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the Highest dost rely;
10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plagues draw nigh.
11 For he throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands;
12 And they, lest thou shouldst chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.
13 Dragons and asps that thirst for blood,
And lions roaring for their food,
Beneath his conqu'ring feet shall lie;
14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore, says God, I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.
15 He'll call; I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befalls;
Increase his honour and his wealth.
16 And when, with undisturb'd content,
His long and happy life is spent,
His end I'll crown with saving health.

PSALM 92.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify!
2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat!
3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.
4 For through thy wondrous works,
O Lord,

Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.
5, 6 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord !
How deep are thy decrees !
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
No stupid sinner sees
7 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd splendour must
For ever pass away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high ;
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sovereign pow'r,
And mak'st it largely spread ;
And with refreshing oil anoint'st
My consecrated head.
11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes
To utter ruin brought ;
And hear the dismal end of those
Who have against me fought.
12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Shall make a glorious show ;
As cedars that on Lebanon
In stately order grow.
13, 14 These, planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive ;
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his justice show ;
And God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

PSALM 93.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity !
3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM 94.

O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Thy vengeance now disclose ;
Arise, thou Judge of all the earth,
And crush thy haughty foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men
Their solemn triumphs make ?
How long their wicked actions boast,
And insolently speak ?
5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress,
But, unprovok'd, they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood,
And helpless orphans kill.
7 " And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,"
Profanely thus they speak,
" Nor any notice of our deeds
" The God of Jacob take."
8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants
Endeavour to discern :
In folly will you still proceed,
And wisdom never learn ?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear ?
Or blind, who fram'd the eye ?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those
Who his known will defy ?
11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men ;
To him their hearts lie bare ;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

PART 2.

12 Bless'd is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise;
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.
13 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.
14 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.
15 The world shall then confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways,
Shall in those paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my behalf,
When wicked men invade?
Or who, when sinners would oppress,
My righteous cause shall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipt; when sad
My troubled heart to cheer.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,
Their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
Their wicked ends to gain?
21 Against the lives of righteous men
They form their close design;
And blood of innocents to spill
In solemn league combine.
22 But my defence is firmly plac'd
In God, the Lord most high:
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.
23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs
On their own heads to fall;
He in their sins shall cut them off,
Our God shall slay them all.

PSALM 95.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing.
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrivall'd glory, great:
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By the same sovereign right, is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.
7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His flock and pasture sheep are we:
If then you'll, like his flock, draw near,
To-day, if you his voice will hear,
8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew
Your fathers' crimes and judgments too,
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
In desert plains of Meribah.
9 When through the wilderness they mov'd,
And me with fresh temptations prov'd,
They still, through unbelief, rebell'd,
Whilst they my wondrous works beheld.
10 They forty years my patience griev'd,
Though daily I their wants reliev'd.
Then—'Tis a faithless race, I said,
Whose heart from me has always stray'd.
11 They ne'er will tread my righteous path;

Therefore to them, in settled wrath,
Since they despis'd my rest, I swaie,
That they should never enter there.

PSALM 96.

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth in one assembled throng
Her common Patron's praise resound:
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd:
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In majesty and glory rais'd
Above all other deities:
5 For pageantry and idols all
Are they, whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules, who made the skies:
6 With majesty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and strength his throne surround.
7 Be therefore both to him restor'd
By you, who have false gods ador'd;
Ascribe due honour to his name:
8 Peace-off'rings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim:
9 To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore;
11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess;
And heav'nly mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.
12 For joy let fertile vallies sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate;
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit thro' the earth to take:
From heaven to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM 97.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.
2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavillion wait.
3 Devouring fire before his face,
His foes around with vengeance struck;
4 His lightning set the world on blaze;
Earth saw it, and with terror shook.
5 The proudest hills his presence felt,
Their height nor strength could help afford;
The proudest hills like wax did melt,
In presence of th' Almighty Lord.
6 The heav'ns, his righteousness to show,
With storms of fire our foes pursu'd,
And all the trembling world below
Have his descending glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious host,
Who make the gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boast:
To him, ye gods, your worship pay.
8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
And Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Because thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Have pagan pride and pow'r destroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthron'd;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.
10 Ye who to serve this Lord, aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire;
And them from wicked hands redeem.

11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.
12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM 98.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.
2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.
3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
Of Israel's God have seen.
4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise;
And all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.
5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring
6 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before th' Almighty King.
7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all the seas contain;
The earth, and her inhabitants,
Join concert with the main.
8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
To spreading torrents they;
And echoing vales from hill to hill
Redoubled shouts convey;
9 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM 99.

JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake:
On Cherubs' wings he sits enthron'd;
Let earth's foundations shake.
2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her tow'rs;
Yet thence his sovereignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful name;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness proclaim.
4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and pow'r take place;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispens'd to Jacob's race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God;
Before his footstool fall;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness extol.
6 Moses and Aaron thus of old
Among the priests ador'd;
Among his prophets Samuel thus
His sacred name implor'd.
Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
Who ne'er their suit deny'd;
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd,
He graciously reply'd.
7 For with their camp, to guide their march,
The cloudy pillar mov'd;
They kept his law, and to his will
Obedient servants prov'd.
8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft
His people for their sake;
And those who rashly them oppos'd,
Did sad examples make.
9 With worship at his sacred courts
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be ador'd.

PSALM 100.

WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
4 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
5 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM 101.

OF mercy's never-failing spring,
And steadfast judgment, I will sing;
And since they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, address my song.
2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise discipline my reign shall guide;
With blameless life myself I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.
3 No ill design will I pursue,
Nor those my fav'rites make that do:
4 Who to reproof has no regard,
Him will I totally discard.
5 The private slanderer shall be
In public justice doom'd by me:
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,
And mortify the heart of pride.
6 But honesty, call'd from her cell,
In splendour at my court shall dwell:
Who virtue's practice make their care
Shall have the first preferments there.
7 No politics shall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend:
None e'er shall to my favour rise,
By flatt'ring or malicious lies.
8 All those who wicked courses take,
An early sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, destroy, till none remain
God's holy city to profane.

PSALM 102.

WHEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress:
Incline thine ear, and when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.
3 Each cloudy portion of my life,
Like scatter'd smoke expires;
My shrivell'd bones are like a hearth
Parch'd with continual fires.
4 My heart, like grass that feels the blast
Of some infectious wind,
Does languish so with grief, that scarce
My needful food I mind.
5 By reason of my sad estate
I spend my breath in groans;
My flesh is worn away, my skin
Scarce hides my starting bones.
6 I'm like a pelican become,
That does in deserts mourn;
Or like an owl, that sits all day
On barren trees forlorn.
7 In watchings, or in restless dreams,
The night by me is spent,
As by those solitary birds,
That lonesome roofs frequent.
8 All day by railing foes I'm made
The subject of their scorn;
Who all, possess'd with furious rage,
Have my destruction sworn.
9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie,
Oppress'd with grief and fears,
My bread is strew'd with ashes o'er,
My drink is mix'd with tears.
10 Because on me with double weight
Thy heavy wrath doth lie;
For thou, to make my fall more great,
Didst lift me up on high.
11 My days, just hast'ning to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.
12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The mem'ry of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.
13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face;

For now her time is come, thy own
Appointed day of grace.
14 Her scatter'd ruins by thy saints
With pity are survey'd;
They grieve to see her lofty spires
In dust and rubbish laid.
15, 16 The name and glory of the
Lord
All heathen kings shall fear;
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.
17, 18 When he regards the poor's
request,
Nor slights their earnest pray'r;
Our sons, for their recorded grace,
Shall his just praise declare.
19 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd:
The Lord, from heav'n his lofty
throne,
Hath all the earth survey'd.
20 He listen'd to the captives' moans,
He heard their mournful cry,
And freed, by his resistless pow'r,
The wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they in Sion, where he
dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing
Loud praises to his name:
22 When all the tribes assembling
there,
Their solemn vows address,
And neighb'ring lands with glad
consent
The Lord their God confess.
23 But e'er my race is run, my
strength
Through his fierce wrath decays:
He has, when all my wishes bloom'd,
Cut short my hopeful days.
24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I,
When half is scarcely past;
Thy years, from worldly changes
free,
To endless ages last.
25 The strong foundations of the
earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of
heav'n
With wondrous skill have made.
26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt
endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'st their
change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.
28 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM 103.

MY soul, inspir'd with sacred
love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove
And still thy grateful thanks express.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee
sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy
crown'd.
5, 6 He with good things thy mouth
supplies,
Thy vigour, eagle-like, renews:
He, when the guiltless suff'rer cries,
His foe with just revenge pursues.
7 God made of old his righteous
ways
To Moses and our fathers known;
His works, to his eternal praise,
Were to the sons of Jacob shown.
8 The Lord abounds with tender
love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly
move,
His willing mercy flies apace.
9, 10 God will not always harshly
chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.
11 As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flow'rs must fade away.
16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blasts,
Nor can we find their former place;
God's faithful mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear him, and their race.
18 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye Angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.
Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will,
21 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful thanks thy joy express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM 104.

BLESS God, my soul; thou Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal Majesty surrounds.
2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
The canopy of state to make.
3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All proud to serve their Sovereign's will.
5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd, he set,
Her face with waters overspread;
Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet
To lift above the waves their head.
7 But when thy awful face appear'd,
Th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their dread.
8 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
And, gushing from the mountain's side,
Through vallies travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.
9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
The threat'ning surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

PART 2.

10 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,
The sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting, springs from ev'ry lawn,
Surprise the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The field's tame beasts are thither led
Weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses on wild mountains bred
Have sense to find these currents out.
12 There shady trees from scorching beams
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng;

They drink, and to the bounteous streams
Return the tribute of their song.
13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid store,
Till earth is burden'd with her fruit,
And nature's lap can hold no more.
14 Grass, for our cattle to devour,
He makes the growth of ev'ry field:
Herbs, for man's use, of various pow'r,
That either food or physic yield.
15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,
To cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares;
Gives oil that makes his face to shine,
And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

PART 3.

16 The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed:
The mountain-cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms
The wand'rers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.
18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
Its tow'ring heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
Where feebler creatures refuge take.
19 The moon's inconstant aspect shows
Th' appointed seasons of the year;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows,
His hours to rise and disappear.
20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
When forest beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To Providence, that sends them prey.
22 They range all night, on slaughter bent,
Till summon'd by the rising morn,
To skulk in dens, with one consent
The conscious ravagers return.
23 Forth to the tillage of his soil
The husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil,
With him returns to his repose.
24 How various, Lord, thy works are found;
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

PART 4.

25 But still the vast unfathom'd main,
Of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of ev'ry form, and ev'ry size.
26 Full freighted ships from ev'ry port
There cut their unmolested way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.
27 These various troops of sea and land
In sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supply'd.
29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn:
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother earth return.
30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth
T' inspire the mass with vital seed;
Nature's restor'd, and parent earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.
31 Thus through successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care;

Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
Thou dost the waste of time repair.
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
33 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.
35 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
My soul, praise thou his holy name,
Till with my song the list'ning world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

PSALM 105.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns;
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.
3 Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.
5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.
6 Know ye, his servant Abraham's seed,
And Jacob's chosen race;
7 He's still our God, his judgments still
Throughout the earth take place.
8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
Which yet for thousand ages more
In equal force shall last.
9 First sign'd to Abra'm, next, by oath
To Isaac made secure;
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law,
For ever to endure:
11 That Canaan's land should be their lot,
When yet but few they were:
12 But few in number, and those few
All friendless strangers there.
13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm,
Securely they remov'd;
14 Whilst proudest monarchs, for their sakes
Severely he reprov'd
15 "These mine anointed are," said he;
"Let none my servants wrong;
"Nor treat the poorest prophet ill,
"That does to me belong."
16 A dearth, at last, by his command,
Did through the land prevail;
Till corn, the chief support of life,
Sustaining corn, did fail.
17 But his indulgent providence
Had pious Joseph sent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death,
Who sold him, to prevent.
18 His feet with heavy chains were crush'd,
With calumny his fame;
19 Till God's appointed time and word
To his deliv'rance came.
20 The king his sovereign order sent,
And rescu'd him with speed;
Whom private malice had confin'd,
The people's ruler freed.
21 His court, revenues, realms, were all
Subjected to his will;
22 His greatest princes to control,
And teach his statesmen skill.

PART 2.

23 To Egypt then, invited guests,
Half-famished Israel came ;
And Jacob held, by royal grant,
The fertile soil of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with such increase
His people multiply'd,
Till with their proud oppressors they
In strength and numbers vi'd.
25 Their vast increase th' Egyptians' hearts
With jealous anger fir'd,
Till they his servants to destroy
By treach'rous arts conspir'd.
26 His servant Moses then he sent,
His chosen Aaron too,
27 Empower'd with signs and miracles,
To prove their mission true.
28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came,
Nature his summons knew ;
29 Each stream and lake, transform'd to blood,
The wand'ring fishes slew.
30 In putrid floods, throughout the land,
The pest of frogs was bred ;
From noisome fens sent up to croak
At Pharaoh's board and bed.
31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies
Came down in cloudy hosts ;
Whilst earth's enliven'd dust below
Bred lice through all their coasts.
32 He sent them batt'ring hail for rain,
And fire for cooling dew ;
33 He smote their vines, and forest plants,
And garden's pride o'erthrew.
34 He spake the word, and locusts came,
And caterpillars join'd ;
They prey'd upon the poor remains
The storm had left behind.
35 From trees to herbage they descend,
No verdant thing they spare ;
But, like the naked fallow field,
Leave all the pastures bare.
36 From fields to villages and towns,
Commission'd vengeance flew ;
One fatal stroke their eldest hopes
And strength of Egypt slew.
37 He brought his servants forth, enrich'd
With Egypt's borrow'd wealth ;
And, what transcends all treasure else,
Enrich'd with vig'rous health.
38 Egypt rejoic'd, in hopes to find
Her plagues with them remov'd ;
Taught dearly now to fear worse ills
By those already prov'd.
39 Their shrouding canopy by day
A journeying cloud was spread ;
A fiery pillar all the night
Their desert marches led.
40 They long'd for flesh ; with evening quails
He furnish'd ev'ry tent ;
From heav'n's high granary, each morn,
The bread of Angels sent.
41 He smote the rock, whose flinty breast
Pour'd forth a gushing tide ;
Whose flowing streams, where'er they march'd,
The desert's drought supply'd.
42 For still he did on Abra'm's faith
And ancient league reflect ;
43 He brought his people forth with joy,
With triumph his elect.
44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes
From Canaan's fertile soil,
To them in cheap possession gave
The fruit of others' toil :
45 That they his statutes might observe,
His sacred laws obey :
For benefits so vast, let us
Our songs of praise repay.

PSALM 106.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?

What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray,
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practice what they know.
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
6 But ah ! can we expect such grace,
Of parents vile the viler race ;
Who their misdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new crimes increas'd the score ?
7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his works in Egypt wrought :
The Red Sea they no sooner view'd,
Than they their base distrust renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his name,
Once more to their deliv'rance came;
To make his sovereign pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.
9 To right and left, at his command,
The parting deep disclos'd her sand;
Where firm and dry the passage lay,
As through some parch'd and desert way.
10 Thus rescued from their foes they were,
Who closely press'd upon their rear;
11 Whose rage pursu'd them to those waves,
That prov'd the rash pursuers' graves.
12 The wat'ry mountains' sudden fall
O'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, host and all ;
This proof did stupid Israel move
To own God's truth, and praise his love.

PART 2.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot,
And for his counsel waited not :
14 But lusting in the wilderness,
Did him with fresh temptations press.
15 Strong food at their request he sent,
But made their sin their punishment ;
16 Yet still his saints they did oppose,
The priest and prophet whom he chose.
17 But earth, the quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful jaws extending wide,
Rash Dathan to her centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious crew.
18 The rest of those who did conspire
To kindle wild sedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became
A prey to heaven's devouring flame.
19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made,
And to the molten image pray'd ;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame,
They chang'd their glory to their shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his works in Egypt wrought;
22 His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast,
And where proud Pharaoh's troops were lost.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,
But Moses in the breach appear'd :
The saint did for the rebels pray,
And turn'd heaven's kindled wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd,
Nor his repeated promise priz'd ;
25 Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey,
But when God said, Go up, would stay.
26 This seal'd their doom, without redress,
To perish in the wilderness ;
27 Or else to be by heathen's hands
O'erthrown and scatter'd through the lands.

PART 3.

28 Yet, unreclaim'd, this stubborn race
Baal-Peor's worship did embrace:
Became his impious guests, and fed
On sacrifices to the dead.
29 Thus they persisted to provoke
God's vengeance to the final stroke:
'Tis come—the deadly pest is come,
To execute their gen'ral doom.
30 But Phineas, fir'd with holy rage,
Th' Almighty's vengeance to assuage,
Did, by two bold offenders fall,
Th' atonement make that ransom'd all.
31 As him a heavenly zeal had mov'd,
So heaven the zealous act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his race,
The priesthood he so well did grace.
32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd;
Who Moses, for their sakes, reprov'd;
33 Whose patient soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek prophet spoke.
34 Nor, when possess'd of Canaan's land,
Did they perform the Lord's command,
Nor his commission'd sword employ
The guilty nations to destroy.
35 Not only spar'd the pagan crew,
But, mingling, learnt their vices too;
36 And worship to those idols paid,
Which them to fatal snares betray'd.
37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice
Their children with relentless eyes;
Approach'd their altars through a flood
Of their own sons' and daughters' blood.
No cheaper victims could appease
Canaan's remorseless deities;
No blood her idols reconcile,
But that which did the land defile.

PART 4.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties
The harden'd reprobates suffice;
For after their heart's lust they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.
40 But sins of such infernal hue
God's wrath against his people drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own inheritance abhorr'd.
41 He them defenceless did expose
To their insulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumph wait
Of those who bore them greatest hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd;
Their list of tyrants still increas'd
Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd
Were made the vassals of mankind.
43 Yet when, distress'd, they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his wrath provoke,
Renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd;
45 But did to mind his promise bring,
And mercy's inexhausted spring.
46 Compassion too he did impart
E'en to their foes' obdurate heart;
And pity for their suff'rings bred
In those who them to bondage led.
47 Still save us, Lord, and Israel's bands
Together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy praise.
48 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd:
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 107.

TO God your grateful voices raise,
Who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.
2, 3 Let those give thanks, whom he from bands
Of proud oppressing foes releas'd;

And brought them back from distant lands,
From north and south, and west and east.
4, 5 Through lonely desert ways they went,
Nor could a peopled city find;
Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,
Their fainting souls within them pin'd.
6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.
7 From crooked paths he led them forth,
And in the certain way did guide
To wealthy towns of great resort,
Where all their wants were well supply'd.
8 O then that all the earth with me
Would God, for this his goodness, praise;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!
9 For he from heaven the sad estate
Of longing souls with pity views;
To hungry souls, that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.

PART 2.

10 Some lie, with darkness compass'd round,
In death's uncomfortable shade,
And with unwieldy fetters bound,
By pressing cares more heavy made.
11, 12 Because God's counsels they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy word,
With these afflictions they were try'd;
They fell, and none could help afford.
13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.
14 From dismal dungeons, dark at night,
And shades, as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light,
And welcome liberty bestow'd.
15 O then that all the earth with me
Would God, for this his goodness, praise;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!
16 For he, with his Almighty hand,
The gates of brass in pieces broke;
Nor could the massy bars withstand,
Or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

PART 3.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense,
With bold transgressions God defy;
And for their multiply'd offence,
Oppress'd with sore diseases lie.
18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest meats;
And they by faint degrees draw near
To death's inhospitable gates.
19 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
Do they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.
20 He all their sad distempers heals,
His word both health and safety gives;
And, when all human succour fails,
From near destruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the earth with me
Would God, for this his goodness, praise;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!
22 With off'rings let his altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy name,
For all his acts of wonder, bless.

PART 4.

23,24 They that in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.
25 No sooner his command is past,
Than forth the dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the stormy billows rise
26 Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to heav'n,
On tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driv'n,
Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.
27 They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd;
Nor do the skilful seamen know
Which way to steer, what course is best.
28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
They do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.
29,30 He does the raging storm appease,
And makes the billows calm and still;
With joy they see their fury cease,
And their intended course fulfil.
31 O then that all the earth with me
Would God, for this his goodness, praise;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!
32 Let them, where all the tribes resort,
Advance to heaven his glorious name,
And in the elders' sov'reign court,
With one consent his praise proclaim.

PART 5.

33,34 A fruitful land, where streams abound,
God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.
35,36 The parch'd and desert heath he makes
To flow with streams and springing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
And in strong cities safely dwells.
37, 38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
His fruitful seed or stock decay.
39 But when his sins heav'n's wrath provoke,
His health and substance fade away;
He feels th'oppressor's galling yoke,
And is of grief the wretched prey.
40 The prince that slights what God commands,
Expos'd to scorn, must quit his throne;
And over wild and desert lands,
Where no path offers, stray alone:
41 Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,
Sets up the humble man on high,
And makes, in time, his num'rous heirs
With his increasing flocks to vie.
42, 43 Then sinners shall have nought to say,
The just a decent joy shall show;
The wise these strange events shall weigh,
And thence God's goodness fully know.

PSALM 108.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.
2 Awake, my lute; nor thou my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;

Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.
3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell;
4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.
6 That all thy chosen people thee
Their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right hand protect me still,
And answer thou my pray'r.
7 Since God himself hath said the word,
Whose promise cannot fail,
With joy I Sechem will divide,
And measure Succoth's vale.
8 Gilead is mine, Manasseh too,
And Ephraim owns my cause;
Their strength my regal pow'r supports,
And Judah gives my laws.
9 Moab I'll make my servile drudge,
On vanquish'd Edom tread;
And through the proud Philistine lands
My conqu'ring banners spread.
10 By whose support and aid shall I
Their well-fenc'd city gain?
Who will my troops securely lead
Through Edom's guarded plain?
11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms,
Which late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou of these our hosts
Once more the guidance take?
12 O to thy servant in distress
Thy speedy succour send;
For vain it is on human aid
For safety to depend.
13 Then valiant acts shall we perform,
If thou thy pow'r disclose;
For God it is, and God alone,
That treads down all our foes.

Psalm 109.

O GOD, whose former mercies make
My constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
With wonted favour view.
2 For sinful men, with lying lips,
Deceitful speeches frame,
And with their study'd slanders seek
To wound my spotless fame.
3 Their restless hatred prompts them still
Malicious lies to spread;
And all against my life combine,
By causeless fury led.
4 Those whom with tend'rest love I us'd,
My chief opposers are;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
Resort to thee by pray'r.
5 Since mischief, for the good I did,
Their strange reward does prove,
And hatred's the return they make
For undissembled love:
6 Their guilty leaders shall be made
To some ill man a slave;
And, when he's try'd, his mortal foe
For his accuser have.
7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounc'd,
Shall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilst his rejected pray'r but serves
His crimes to aggravate.
8 He, snatch'd by some untimely fate,
Sha'n't live out half his days;
Another, by divine decree,
Shall on his office seize.
9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife
A widow, plung'd in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread,
Where none can give relief.
11 His ill-got riches shall be made
To usurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil shall be
By strangers borne away.
12 None shall be found that to his wants
Their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan seed
The least assistance lend.

13 A swift destruction soon shall seize
On his unhappy race ;
And the next age his hated name
Shall utterly deface.
14 The vengeance of his father's sins
Upon his head shall fall ;
God on his mother's crimes shall think,
And punish him for all.
15 All these in horrid order rank'd,
Before the Lord shall stand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off
Their mem'ry from the land.

PART 2.

16 Because he never mercy show'd,
But still the poor oppress'd ;
And sought to slay the helpless man,
With heavy woes distress'd :
17 Therefore the curse he lov'd to vent
Shall his own portion prove ;
And blessings which he still abhorr'd,
Shall far from him remove.
18 Since he in cursing took such pride,
Like water it shall spread
Through all his veins, and stick like oil,
With which his bones are fed.
19 This like a poison'd robe, shall still
His constant cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd belt, from which
He never shall be free.
20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those
That ill to me design ;
That with malicious false reports
Against my life combine.
21 But for thy glorious name, O God,
Do thou deliver me ;
And for thy plenteous mercy's sake,
Preserve and set me free.
22 For I, to utmost straits reduc'd,
Am void of all relief ;
My heart is wounded with distress,
And quite pierc'd through with grief
23 I, like an evening shade decline,
Which vanishes apace ;
Like locusts, up and down I'm toss'd,
And have no certain place.
24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown weak,
My body lank and lean ;
All that behold me shake their heads,
And treat me with disdain.
26, 27 But for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,
Do thou my foes withstand ;
That all may see 'tis thy own act,
The work of thy right hand.
28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless ;
Let shame the portion be
Of all that my destruction seek,
While I rejoice in thee.
29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloth'd ;
And, spite of all his pride,
His own confusion, like a cloak,
The guilty wretch shall hide.
30 But I to God, in grateful thanks,
My cheerful voice will raise ;
And where the great assembly meets,
Set forth his noble praise.
31 For him the poor shall always find
Their sure and constant friend ;
And he shall from unrighteous dooms
Their guiltless souls defend.

PSALM 110.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
" Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
2 " Sit thou in state at my right hand :
" Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
" And all thy proud opposers see
" Subjected to thy just command.
3 " Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,
" The willing nations shall obey :
" And, when thy rising beams they view,
" Shall all, redeem'd from error's night,
" Appear as numberless and bright
" As crystal drops of morning dew."

4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That like Melchisedech's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to sit
At thy right hand will he permit,
But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.
6 The sentenc'd heathen he shall slay,
And fill with carcases his way,
Till he hath struck earth's tyrants dead;
7 But in the high-way brooks shall first,
Like a poor pilgrim, slake his thirst,
And then in triumph raise his head.

Psalm 111.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
4 By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His bounty like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd,
6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his matchless pow'r employ'd
Whereby the heathen were supress'd,
And we their heritage possess'd.
7 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
8 By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
9 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same:
Holy and rev'rend is his name.
10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

Psalm 112.

HALLELUJAH.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
2 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
3 His house the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury:
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
4 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.
5 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
7 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that, fix'd on God relies:
8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.
10 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

PSALM 113.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
2 His sacred name for ever bless:
3 Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address,
4 God through the world extends his sway:
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
5 With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.
6 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.
7 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
Makes her that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear:
O then extol his matchless fame!

PSALM 114.

WHEN Israel, by th'Almighty led,
Enrich'd with their oppressors' spoil,
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed
From bondage in a foreign soil;
2 Jehovah, for his residence,
Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansion royal, and from thence
Through Israel's camp his orders sent.
3 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from the Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surpris'd with awe,
Retreated to their fountain's head.
4 The taller mountains skipp'd like rams,
When danger near the fold they hear;
The hills skipp'd after them like lambs
Affrighted by their leader's fear.
5 O sea! what made your tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy bed?
Why Jordan, against nature's law,
Recoil'dst thou to thy fountain's head?
6 Why, mountains, did ye skip, like rams
When danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills, like lambs
When they their leader's flight behold?
7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for earth and seas to flee:
8 To flee from God, who nature's law
Confirms and cancels at his will;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,
And thirsty vales with water fill.

PSALM 115.

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred name
Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.
2 Why should the heathen cry,
Where's now
The God whom we adore?

3 Convince them that in heav'n
thou art,
And uncontrol'd thy pow'r.
4 Their gods but gold and silver
are,
The works of mortal hands;
5 With speechless mouth and sight-
less eyes
The molten idol stands.
6 The pageant has both ears and
nose,
But neither hears nor smells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor
move;
No life within it dwells.
8 Such senseless stocks they are,
that we
Can nothing like them find,
But those who on their help rely,
And them for gods design'd.
9 O Israel, make the Lord your
trust,
Who is your help and shield;
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him
alone,
Who only help can yield.
11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless;
Priests, Levites, proselytes, ev'n all
Who his great name confess.
14 On you, and on your heirs, he
will
Increase of blessings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites
are
Of this Almighty King!
16 Heav'n's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat design'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.
17 They who in death and silence
sleep,
To him no praise afford;
18 But we will bless for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

PSALM 116

MY soul with grateful thoughts
of love
Entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
The voice of my request.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my pray'r.
3 With deadly sorrows compass'd
round,
With pains of hell oppress'd;
When trouble seiz'd my aching
heart,
And anguish rack'd my breast;
4 On God's Almighty name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd,
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my
soul,
"With sorrow quite dismay'd."
5, 6 How just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.
7 Then free from pensive cares,
my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love exprest.
8 When death alarm'd me, he
remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secur'd,
And dry'd my eyes from tears.
9 Therefore my life's remaining
years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name,
And in his service spend.
10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him
In greatest straits did boast;
For in my flight all hopes of aid
From faithless men were lost.
12, 13 Then what return to him
shall I
For all his goodness make?
I'll praise his name, and with glad
zeal
The cup of blessing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my vows among his
saints,
Whose blood, howe'er despis'd,
By wicked men, in God's account
Is always highly priz'd.
16 My various ties, O Lord, must I
To thy dominion bow;

Thy humble handmaid's son before,
Thy ransom'd captive now!
17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise;
And whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.
19 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

PSALM 117.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM 118.

O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.
3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.
5 To God I made my humble moan,
With troubles quite oppress;
And he releas'd me from my straits,
And granted my request.
6 Since therefore God does on my side
So graciously appear;
Why should the vain attempts of men
Possess my soul with fear?
7 Since God with those that aid my cause
Vouchsafes my part to take,
To all my foes I need not doubt
A just return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human pow'r
For safety to depend.

10, 11 Though many nations, closely leagu'd,
Did oft beset me round;
Yet, by his boundless pow'r sustain'd
I did their strength confound.
12 They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage
Was but a short-liv'd blaze;
For whilst on God I still rely'd,
I vanquish'd them with ease.
13 When all united press'd me hard,
In hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part,
And save me from them all.
14 The honour of my strange escape
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.
15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has sav'd from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his Almighty arm.
16 He, by his own resistless pow'r,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.
17 God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days;
That by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.
18 When God had sorely me chastis'd,
Till quite of hopes bereav'd,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life repriev'd.
19 Then open wide the temple-gates,
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode,
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy name I'll bless.
22, 23 That which the builders once refus'd,
Is now the corner stone;
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice;
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.
26 Him that approaches in God's name,
Let all th' assembly bless;
"We that belong to God's own house
"Have wish'd you good success."
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horn, with cords,
The chosen victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.
29 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

PSALM 119.

ALEPH.

HOW bless'd are they, who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!
2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour sought to win!
3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.
4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.
5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!
6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.
7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy will.
8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
All due observance pay;
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.
11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.
13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
To others have declar'd
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.
14 Whilst in the way of thy commands
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envy'd riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind;
And those sound rules, which thou prescrib'st,
All due respect shall find.
16 To keep thy statutes undefac'd
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My future time may spend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous works which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.
19 Though, like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.
20 My fainting soul is almost pin'd,
With earnest longing spent,
Whilst always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.
21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud
Whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;
For I thy sacred laws affect
With undissembled love.
23 Tho' princes oft, in council met,
Against thy servant spake;
Yet I thy statutes to observe
My constant bus'ness make.
24 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care,
To guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd aid receive.
26 To thee I still declar'd my ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine ear;
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.
28 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts remov'd;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.
31 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free.
32 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run,
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
Successfully go on.

HE.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.
34 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
35 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.
37 From those vain objects, turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.
38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st,
And give thy servant aid,

Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.
39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.
40 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promis'd succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart,
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.
42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
This ready answer make;
"In God I trust, who never will
"His faithful promise break."
43 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth remov'd;
Since still my ground of steadfast hope
Thy just decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend;
From age to age my time to come
In their observance spend.
45 Ere long I trust to walk at large,
From all incumbrance free;
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.
46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk;
And princes shall attend,
Whilst I the justice of thy ways
With confidence defend.
47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy lov'd commandments I
My happy hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy just decrees
Lift up my willing hands;
My care and bus'ness then shall be
To study thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
Reviv'd my fainting soul.
51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,
And all my hopes deride;
Yet from thy law not all their scoffs
Could make me turn aside.
52 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.
53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
With deadly horror struck,
To think how all my sinful foes
Have thy just laws forsook.
54 But I thy statutes and decrees
My cheerful anthems made,
Whilst through strange lands and desert wilds,
I like a pilgrim stray'd.
55 Thy name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
Has fill'd my thoughts by night:
I then resolv'd by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.
56 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou
And sure possession art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.
58 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.
59 With due reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wand'ring steps I brought.

60 I lost no time, but made great haste,
Resolv'd without delay,
To watch that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.
61 Though num'rous troops of sinful men
To rob me have combin'd,
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
Have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will arise
To sing thy solemn praise;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
To love thy righteous ways.
63 To such as fear thy holy name
Myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.
64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.
66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.
67 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My foot-steps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.
69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies,
My spotless fame to stain;
But my fix'd heart, without reserve,
Thy precepts shall retain.
70 While pamper'd, they, with prosp'rous ills,
In sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight,
But what thy precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
Of more esteem I hold
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanship
Of thy Almighty hands,
The heav'nly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.
74 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.
75 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me, thy servant, made.
77 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who, unprovok'd
To ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred laws
Employ my harmless thought.
79 Let those that fear thy name espouse
My cause, and those alone
Who have, by strict and pious search,
Thy sacred precepts known.
80 In thy blest statutes let my heart
Continue always sound;
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My soul with long expectance faints
To see thy saving grace;

Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.
82 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promis'd aid afford!
83 My skin like shrivell'd parchment shows,
That long in smoke is set;
Yet no affliction me can force
Thy statutes to forget.
84 How many days must I endure
Of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute
On them who me oppress?
85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me,
That have no other foes,
But such as are averse to thee,
And thy just laws oppose.
86 With sacred truth's eternal laws
All thy commands agree;
Men persecute me without cause;
Thou, Lord, my helper be.
87 With close designs against my life
They had almost prevail'd;
But in obedience to thy will,
My duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord,
Unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy word, establish'd in the heav'ns,
Does all their orbs sustain.
90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As does the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thy Almighty hand.
91 All things the course by thee ordain'd
Ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.
92 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted, and expir'd
In dark affliction's night.
93 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from harm,
Who have thy precepts sought to know,
And carefully perform.
95 The wicked have their ambush laid
My guiltless life to take;
But in the midst of danger I
Thy word my study make.
96 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My ravish'd thoughts all day.
98 Through thy commands I wiser grow
Than all my subtle foes;
For thy sure word doth me direct,
And all my ways dispose.
99 From me my former teachers now
May abler counsel take;
Because thy sacred precepts I
My constant study make.
100 In understanding I excel
The sages of our days;
Because by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.
101 My feet with care I have refrain'd
From ev'ry sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy judgments stray'd,
By vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.
103 How sweet are all thy words to me!
O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!

104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heav'nly skill am blest,
Through which the treach'rous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

NUN.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light to point out the path
In which I ought to go.
106 I swear, and from my solemn oath
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide,
107 Since I with griefs am so oppprest,
That I can bear no more,
According to thy word do thou
My fainting soul restore.
108 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.
109 Though ghastly dangers me surround,
My soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual terrors keep
From thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate foes
For me their snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path,
Nor from thy precepts stray'd.
111 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.
112 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey,
And till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly detest,
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be exprest.
114 My hiding-place, my refuge-tow'r,
And shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.
115 Hence, ye that trade in wickedness,
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes asham'd,
That I repose in thee.
117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
And rescu'd from distress;
To thy decrees continually
My just respect address.
118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth,
Who from thy statutes stray'd;
Their vile deceit the just reward
Of their own falsehood made.
119 The wicked from thy holy land
Thou dost like dross remove;
I therefore, with such justice charm'd,
Thy testimonies love.
120 Yet with that love they make me dread,
Lest I should so offend,
When on transgressors I behold
Thy judgments thus descend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and justice I have lov'd;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up
To my oppressor's rage.
122 Do thou be surety, Lord, for me,
And so shall this distress
Prove good for me; nor shall the proud
My guiltless soul oppress.
123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold,
And righteous word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy servant, in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.
125 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.

126 'Tis time, high time for thee,
O Lord,
Thy vengeance to employ;
When men with open violence
Thy sacred law destroy.
127 Yet their contempt of thy commands
But makes their value rise
In my esteem, who purest gold,
Compar'd with them, despise.
128 Thy precepts therefore I account,
In all respects, divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.
130 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.
131 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire;
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.
132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest name adore.
133 Directed by thy heav'nly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.
134 Release, entirely set me free
From persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
And practise thy commands.
135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.
136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
Whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws
In bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.
138 Most just and true those statutes were
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd
Succeeding times shall see.
139 With zeal my flesh consumes away,
My soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn at once
Thy promises and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by them despis'd,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, priz'd.
141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive
Thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteousness shall then endure,
When time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.
143 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts, and dreads
To compass me unite;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies throughly know,
And steadfastly obey.

147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day
Prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whose engaging word
My hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before
The midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
Might perfect knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show:
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgment ever true.
150 My persecuting foes advance,
And hourly nearer draw;
What treatment can I hope from them
Who violate thy law?
151 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is,
Thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou whose commands are righteous all,
Thy promises sincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees,
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Consider my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.
154 Plead thou my cause; to that and me
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.
155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou shouldst withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.
157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes
Against my life combine;
But all too few to force my soul
Thy statutes to decline.
158 Those bold transgressors I beheld,
And was with grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious pride
Thy cov'nant they transgress'd.
159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,
How I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments, firm,
To endless ages last.

SCHIN.

161 Though mighty tyrants, without cause,
Conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has pow'r alone
To fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breast
With heav'nly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.
163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear
Too vast to be exprest.
164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crown'd.
165 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.
166 For thy salvation I have hop'd,
And though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care
All thy commands obey'd.
167 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd;
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.

163 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew ;
Convinc'd that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my request and earnest cry,
Attend, O gracious Lord :
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
According to thy word.
170 Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.
171 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd
And taught me thy just ways.
172 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crown'd.
173 Let thy Almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid ;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.
174 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restor'd ;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heav'nly laws, afford.
175 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise ;
Whose justice, from the depths of woe,
My fainting soul shall raise.
176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd till I
Despair my way to find ;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM 120.

IN deep distress I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To rescue me oppress'd with wrongs ;
2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance send,
From lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of sland'ring tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee!
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn ;
Of lasting flames, that fiercely burn,
The constant fuel thou shalt be.
5 But, O! how wretched is my doom,
Who am a sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desert soil!
With Kedar's wicked tents enclos'd,
To lawless savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but theft and spoil.
6 My hapless dwelling is with those
Who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others' harms :
7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek ;
But when to them of peace I speak,
They straight cry out, To arms, to arms.

PSALM 121.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God
Who heav'n and earth has made.
3 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep ;
4 His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest,
6 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.
7 From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still ;
8 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.
9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM 122.

O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!
2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled pow'rs,
3 In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and pray'r.
5 Tribunals stand erected there,
Where equity takes place:
There stand the courts and palaces
Of royal David's race
6 O, pray we then for Salem's peace,
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's tow'rs
A constant guest appear.
9 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM 123.

ON thee, who dwell'st above the skies,
For mercy wait my longing eyes;
As servants wait their masters' hands,
And maids their mistresses' commands.
3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord;
Thy gracious aid to us afford;
To us, whom cruel foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our distress.

PSALM 124.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Been pleas'd to interpose;
2 Had he not then espous'd our cause
When men against us rose;
3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without control;
Their spite and pride's united floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd my soul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
Who rescu'd us that day,
Nor to their savage jaws gave up
Our threaten'd lives a prey.
7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd
From out the fowler's net;
The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,
And we at freedom set.
8 Secure in his Almighty name
Our confidence remains,
Who as he made both heav'n and earth,
Of both sole Monarch reigns.

PSALM 125.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveable be fix'd
By his Almighty hand.
2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.
3 The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek
Base means for his redress.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.
5 All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy,
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM 126.

WHEN Sion's God her sons recall'd
From long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
Or what we wish'd to see.

2 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth,
We did our voice employ,
And sung our great Restorer's praise
In thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining stood,
Yet were compell'd to own
That great and wondrous was the work
Our God for us had done.
3 "'Twas great," say they, "'twas wondrous great;"
Much more should we confess,
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad success.
4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of Israel's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing show'rs
To parch'd and thirsty lands;
5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears,
May see our labours thrive,
Till finish'd with success, to make
Our drooping hearts revive.
6 Though he despondsthat sows his grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring
The joyful harvest home.

PSALM 127.

WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain:
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.
Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with sound repose.
3 Children, those comforts of our life,
Are presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs,
As piety's reward.
4 As arrows in a giant's hand,
When marching forth to war;
E'en so the sons of sprightly youth,
Their parents' safeguard are.
5 Happy the man whose quiver's fill'd
With these prevailing arms;
He need not fear to meet his foe,
At law or war's alarms.

PSALM 128.

THE man is blest that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care
To his appointed ways.
2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.
3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
Her lovely fruit shall bring;
His children, like young olive plants,
About his table spring.
4 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
5 And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.
6 He shall live on, till heirs from him
Descend with vast increase;
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,
And more in Israel's peace.

PSALM 129.

FROM my youth up, may Israel say,
They oft have me assail'd,
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits,
But never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plough'd my patient back
With furrows deep and long;
4 But our just God has broke their chains,
And rescu'd us from wrong.
5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout,
Be still the doom of those,
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
And Sion's God oppose.

6 Like corn upon our houses' tops,
Untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root
Has blasted in the blade:
7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
But unregarded leaves;
No binder thinks it worth his pains
To fold it into sheaves.
8 No traveller that passes by
Vouchsafes a minute's stop,
To give it one kind look, or crave
Heav'n's blessing on the crop.

PSALM 130.

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
3 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.
5 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
6 My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
7 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows;
8 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM 131.

O LORD, I am not proud of heart,
Nor cast a scornful eye;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
In things for me too high.
2 With infant innocence thou know'st
I have myself demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe
That from the breast is wean'd.
3 Like me let Israel hope in God,
His aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
Who lives for evermore.

PSALM 132.

LET David, Lord, a constant place
In thy remembrance find;
Let all the sorrows he endur'd
Be ever in thy mind.
2 Remember what a solemn oath
To thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
Whom Jacob's sons adore;
3, 4 I will not go into my house,
Nor to my bed ascend;
No soft repose shall close my eyes,
Nor sleep my eye-lids bend;
5 Till for the Lord's design'd abode
I mark the destin'd ground;
Till I a decent place of rest
For Jacob's God have found.
6 Th' appointed place, with shouts of joy,
At Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields
Our glad applause resound.
7 O with due rev'rence let us then
To his abode repair;
And, prostrate at his foot-stool fall'n,
Pour out our humble pray'r.
8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence blest.
9, 10 Clothe thou the priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice,
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy Anointed's voice.
11 God sware to David in his truth,
Nor shall his oath be vain,
One of thy offspring after thee,
Upon thy throne shall reign:
12 And if thy seed my cov'nant keep,
And to my laws submit,
Their children too upon thy throne
For evermore shall sit.
13, 14 For Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
My saving health confess.
17 There David's pow'r shall long remain
In his successive line,
And my Anointed servant there
Shall with fresh lustre shine.
18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes
Confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst, with confirm'd success, his crown
Shall flourish on his head.

PSALM 133.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!
2 True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.
3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil:
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.
4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

PSALM 134.

BLESS God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That in his temple, night by night,
With humble rev'rence wait:
2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy name:
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heav'n didst frame.

PSALM 135.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
2 Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.
3 For this our truest int'rest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.
4 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valu'd treasure takes.
5 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found;
And seen how he, with wondrous pow'r
Above all gods is crown'd.
6 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sovereign will,
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.
7 He raises vapours from the ground,
Which, pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down at last in show'rs, through which
His dreadful lightnings glare.
8 He from his store-house brings the winds;
And he, with vengeful hand,
The first-born slew of man and beast,
Through Egypt's mourning land.
9 He dreadful signs and wonders show'd,
Through stubborn Egypt's coasts;
Nor Pharaoh could his plagues escape,
Nor all his num'rous hosts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote,
And mighty kings suppress'd;
Sihon and Og, and all besides,
Who Canaan's land possess'd.
12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race
He firmly did entail;
For which his fame shall always last,
His praise shall never fail.
14 For God shall soon his people's cause
With pitying eyes survey;

Repent him of his wrath, and turn
His kindled rage away.
15 Those idols, whose false worship spreads
O'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver, and of gold,
The work of human hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues,
Nor see with polish'd eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
No breath their mouth supplies.
18 As senseless as themselves are they
That all their skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous times
On them for aid rely.
19 Their just returns of thanks to God
Let grateful Israel pay;
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.
20 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express;
And let all those who fear the Lord,
His name for ever bless.
21 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy name.

PSALM 136.

TO God the mighty Lord
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.
2, 3 To him, whose wondrous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay:
For God, &c.
4, 5 By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought:
For God, &c.
6 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand:
For God, &c.
7, 8, 9 Through heav'n he did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night:
For God, &c.
10, 11, 12 He struck the first-born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn land;
And thence his people led
With his resistless hand:
For God, &c.
13, 14 By him the raging sea,
As if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way,
Through which his people went:
For God, &c.
15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost:
For God, &c.
16, 17, 18 Through deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed;
And famous princes foil'd,
And made great monarchs bleed:
For God, &c.
19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
Great Ammon's sceptre sway'd;
And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obey'd:
For God, &c.
21, 22 And, of his wondrous grace,
Their lands whom he destroy'd,
He gave to Israel's race,
To be by them enjoy'd:
For God, &c.
23, 24 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God, &c.
25, 26 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM 137.

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress't,
And Sion was our mournful theme.
2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees, that wither'd there.
3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
5 O Salem, once our happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!
6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song.
7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
In thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out, "Her stately walls deface,
"And with the ground quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be
Of grief and woe the wretched prey,;
Bless'd is the man who shall to thee
The wrongs thou laid'st on us repay.
9 Thrice bless'd, who, with just rage possest,
And deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast,
And dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM 138.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.
2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And with thy love inspir'd;
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admir'd.
3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.
4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince
Thy name with praise pursue,
Whom these admir'd events convince
That all thy works are true.
5 They all thy wondrous ways, O Lord,
With cheerful songs shall bless;
And all thy glorious acts record,
Thy awful power confess.
6 For God, although enthron'd on high,
Does thence the poor respect;
The proud far off his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.
7 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.
8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last
Shall fix my happy state;
And mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

PSALM 139.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me:

3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent,
5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
6 O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
7 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?
8 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light;
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
10 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
11 Or, should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
12 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.
13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and ev'ry vital part;
Each single thread in nature's loom,
By thee was cover'd in the womb.
14 I'll praise thee from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me hast shown,
My soul with grateful joy must own.
15 Thine eyes my substance did survey,
Whilst yet a lifeless mass it lay,
In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark enclosure brought.
16 Thou did'st the shapeless embryo see,
Its parts were register'd by thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore;
Each morn revising what I've done,
I find the account but new begun.
19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God:
Depart from me, ye men of blood,
20 Whose tongues heav'n's Majesty profane,
And take th' Almighty's name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
Who thee with enmity pursue?
And does not grief my heart oppress,
When reprobates thy laws transgress!
22 Who practise enmity to thee
Shall utmost hatred have from me;
Such men I utterly detest,
As if they were my foes profest.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 140.

PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes,
Of treacherous intent;
2 And from the sons of violence,
On open mischief bent.
3 Their sland'ring tongue the serpent's sting
In sharpness does exceed;
Between their lips the gall of asps
And adders' venom breed.
4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands,
Nor leave my soul forlorn,
A prey to sons of violence,
Who have my ruin sworn.

5 The proud for me have laid their
snare,
And spread their wily net;
With traps and gins, where'er I
move
I find my steps beset.
6 But thus environ'd with distress,
Thou art my God, I said;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
That calls to thee for aid.
7 O Lord, the God whose saving
strength
Kind succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous head
In battle's doubtful day;
8 Permit not their unjust designs
To answer their desire;
Lest they, encourag'd by success,
To bolder crimes aspire.
9 Let first their chiefs the sad effects
Of their injustice mourn;
The blast of their unvenom'd breath
Upon themselves return.
10 Let them who kindle first the
flame,
Its sacrifice become;
The pit they digg'd for me be made
Their own untimely tomb.
11 Though slander's breath may
raise a storm,
It quickly will decay;
Their rage does but the torrent
swell
That bears themselves away.
12 God will assert the poor man's
cause,
And speedy succour give;
The just shall celebrate his praise,
And in his presence live.

PSALM 141.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
O haste to my relief;
And with accustom'd pity hear
The accents of my grief.
2 Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hand supply the place
Of ev'ning sacrifice.
3 From hasty language curb my
tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barr'd.
4 From wicked men's designs and
deeds
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me in the booty share
Of their unrighteous gain.
5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like balm that heals the wounded
head
I their reproof shall find;
And, in return, my fervent pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
Like me, to sore distress.
6 When skulking in Engedi's rock,
I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I spoke,
When I had pow'r to kill
7 Yet us they persecute to death;
Our scatter'd ruins lie
As thick as from the hewer's axe
The sever'd splinters fly.
8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
My supplicating eyes;
O leave not destitute my soul,
Whose trust on thee relies.
9 Do thou preserve me from the
snares
That wicked hands have laid;
Let them in their own nets be caught,
While my escape is made.

PSALM 142.

TO God, with mournful voice,
In deep distress I pray'd;
2 Made him the umpire of my cause,
My wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didst my steps direct,
When my griev'd soul despair'd;
For where I thought to walk secure
They had their traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd but found no friend
To own me in distress;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
His pity or redress.
5 To God at last I pray'd;
Thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
Till life itself depart.
6 Reduc'd to greatest straits,
To thee I make my moan;
O save me from oppressing foes,
For me too pow'rful grown.

7 That I may praise thy name,
My soul from prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind regard to me
Assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM 143.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send.
2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be try'd;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justify'd.
3 The spiteful foe pursues my life,
Whose comforts all are fled;
He drives me into caves as dark
As mansions of the dead.
4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
And sinks within my breast;
My mournful heart grows desolate,
With heavy woes opprest.
5 I call to mind the days of old,
And wonders thou hast wrought;
My former dangers and escapes
Employ my musing thought.
6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.
7 Hear me with speed; my spirit fails;
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.
8 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go;
My soul to thee ascends.
9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat against their rage
My soul implores from thee
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way
11 O! for the sake of thy great name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd,
Thy promis'd aid impart.
12 In pity to my suff'rings, Lord,
Reduce my foes to shame;
Slay them that persecute a soul
Devoted to thy name.

PSALM 144.

FOR ever bless'd be God the Lord,
Who does his needful aid impart,
At once both strength and skill afford,
To wield my arms with warlike art.
2 His goodness is my fort and tow'r,
My strong deliv'rance, and my shield;
In him I trust, whose matchless pow'r
Makes to my sway fierce nations yield.
3 Lord, what's in man, that thou shouldst love
Of him such tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make?
4 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.
5 In solemn state, O God, descend,
Whilst heav'n its lofty head inclines;
The smoking hills asunder rend,
Of thy approach the awful signs.
6 Discharge thy awful lightnings round,
And make thy scatter'd foes retreat;
Then with thy pointed arrows wound,
And their destruction soon complete.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage
Thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell,

And snatch me from the stormy rage
Of threat'ning waves, that proudly swell.
Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who utter speeches false and vain;
Who, though in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.
9 So I to thee, O King of kings,
In new-made hymns my voice shall raise,
And instruments of many strings
Shall help me thus to sing thy praise:
10 "God does to kings his aid afford,
"To them his sure salvation sends;
"'Tis he that from the murd'ring sword
"His servant David still defends."
11 Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who utter speeches false and vain;
Who, though in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow,
Well planted in some fruitful place;
Our daughters shall like pillars show,
Design'd some royal court to grace.
13 Our garners, fill'd with various store,
Shall us and ours with plenty feed;
Our sheep, increasing more and more,
Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
14 Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow,
Nor in their constant labour faint;
Whilst we no war nor slav'ry know,
And in our streets hear no complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that people's case,
Whose various blessings thus abound;
Who God's true worship still embrace,
And are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM 145.

THEE I will bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.
4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.
5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.
7 The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.
8 The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies:
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.
9, 10 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works exprest;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants blest.
11 They, with a glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.
12 God's glorious works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's royal state
With public splendour shown.
13 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand forever fast:

His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

PART 2.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call
Who timely food supplies.
16 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!
19 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.
20 The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
With furious rage destroys.
21 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his name.

PSALM 146.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his name:
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.
3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.
4 Depriv'd of breath to dust they turn,
And there neglected lie;
And all their thoughts and vain designs
Together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.
7 The poor, opprest, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the pris'ners free.
8 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.
9 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.
10 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures:
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM 147.

O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame!
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy name.
2 His holy city God will build,
Though levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispers'd
Through all the nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts
And all their wounds does close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.
8 He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows;
Through him, on mountain tops, the grass
With wondrous plenty grows.
9 He savage beasts, that loosely range,
With timely food supplies;
He feeds the raven's tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.
10 He values not the warlike steed,
But does his strength disdain;
The nimble foot, that swiftly runs,
No prize from him can gain.
11 But he to him that fears his name
His tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.
12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address;
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars,
And does their children bless.
14, 15 Through all their borders he gives peace,
With finest wheat they're fed;
He speaks the word, and what he wills
Is done as soon as said.
16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,
Descend at his command;
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,
Is scatter'd o'er the land.
17 When, join'd to these, he does his hail
In little morsels break,
Who can against his piercing cold
Secure defences make?
18 He sends his word, which melts the ice:
He makes his wind to blow;
And soon the streams, congeal'd before,
In plenteous currents flow.
19 By him his statutes and decrees
To Jacob's sons were shown;
And still to Israel's chosen seed
His righteous laws are known.
20 No other nation this can boast;
Nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles,
And knowledge of his word.

Psalm 148.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame:
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.
3, 4 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.
7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay,
Praise him ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales;
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.
9, 10 By hills and mountains, all
In grateful concert join'd;
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd;
By ev'ry beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His name be blest.
11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim;

In this design,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.
13 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise:
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.
14 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

Psalm 149.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.
3, 4 Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.
5, 6 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who their beds
With safety does shield;
Their mouths fill'd with praises
Of him, their great King;
Whilst a two-edged sword
Their right hand shall wield;
7, 8 Just vengeance to take
For injuries past;
To punish those lands
For ruin design'd;
With chains, as their captives,
To tie their kings fast,
With fetters of iron
Their nobles to bind.
9 Thus shall they make good,
When them they destroy,
The dreadful decree
Which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph
His saints shall enjoy;
O therefore forever
Exalt his great name.

Psalm 150.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face,
Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.
2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise shall equal run.
3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various string,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.
5 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.
6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

As Psalm 100.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 37.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

As Psalm 149.

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

HYMNS.

Hymn 1.

The Song *of the* Angels. *For the* Nativity *of our blessed* Lord *and* Saviour. *Luke* ii. *ver.* 8—15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you, and all mankind.
3 "To you, in David's Town, this day
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
"And this shall be the sign:
4 "The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find,
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."
5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:
6 "All Glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace:
"Good-will, henceforth, from heav'n to men
"Begin, and never cease."

Hymn 2.

The Song *of* Men *responsive to the* Song *of the* Angels.

WHILE Angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!
2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heav'nly throng;
For Angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.
3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heav'n!
4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert sing—
"The promis'd Child is born!"
5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd;
6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains!

Hymn 3.

FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

On the sufferings of our blessed Lord and Saviour.

FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heav'n and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?
2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize!
The sun as darkest night be black!
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!
3 Behold fast streaming from the tree
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God!
4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.
5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

Hymn 4.

FOR EASTER-DAY.

On the Resurrection.

SINCE Christ our Passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival:
2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
3 Christ being rais'd by Pow'r Divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more; Death shall on him
No more dominion have.
4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die:
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.
5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Hymn 5.

For the same.

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.
2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.
3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

Hymn 6.

FOR WHITSUNDAY.

COME, Holy Ghost! Creator, come,
Inspire the souls of thine;
Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made
Be fill'd with grace divine.
2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.
3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heav'nly speech impart.
4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.
5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.
6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both deriv'd.

Hymn 7.

For the same.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!
3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise!
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours!

Hymn 8.

For the same.

HE's come! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent
"The Comforter is come."
2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below!
3 Hail, Blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;

Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wav'ring zeal!
4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN 9.

For the HOLY COMMUNION.

From the Revelation of St. John.

*THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
And by thy bounty live.
2 †And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who, for our sins,
A sacrifice was slain!
3 ‡All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
And ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
By thy most precious blood.
4 §Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN 10.

For the same.

MY God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know!
2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food!
3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unfeeling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes!
5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb!
6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till with this bread all men be blest
Who see the light, or feel the sun!

HYMN 11.

For the same.

AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?
2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!
3 Then let us join the heav'nly choirs,
To praise our heav'nly King!
O may that love which spreads this board,
Inspire us while we sing—
4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good-will from heav'n to men is come;
"And let it never cease!"

HYMN 12.

ON THE NEW-YEAR.

THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crown each op'ning year

* *Chap.* iv. † *Chap.* v. 12. ‡ *Chap.* v. ix. § *Ver.* 13.

My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.
2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run.
3 We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
"I shall retain this vital breath,
"Thus far, at least, in league with death?"
4 That breath is thine, Eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.
6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore;
Where years and death are known no more.
7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach that place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues:
8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
9 O, long expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 13.

The Christian's Hope.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face;
O how shall I appear!
2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!
4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament;
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.
5 Then see the sorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give these sorrows weight.
6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.
7 Great God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy Book;
8 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good Word informs my soul
How I may soar to heav'n.
9 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord:
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy Word.
10 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And here my hopes arise.
11 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
12 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.
13 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

Hymn 14.

On Gratitude to God.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Hymn 15.

On the Glory of God in the starry Heavens: Being a Translation of part of the 19th Psalm of David.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

Hymn 16.

On the Providence of God: Taken chiefly from the 23d Psalm of David

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
2 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend:
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant.
3 To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
5 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade:
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
6 Thy bounty shall my steps befriend,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Hymn 17.

For the mercies of Redemption.

ALL-Glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heav'n stands open to our view!
2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,
3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heav'nly light!
By him what wondrous grace is shown,
To souls impoverish'd and undone!
4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where Saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state!

Hymn 18.

For Public Mercies and Deliverances.

SALVATION doth to God belong;
His pow'r and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow;
His arm alone subdues the foe!
2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And though deliv'rance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.
3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King;
4 Till ev'ry public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.
5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

Hymn 19.

On God's Dominion over the Sea.

GOD of the seas! thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.
3 Thus is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Among the wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet men, who trace the dang'rous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves!

HYMN 20.

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

LORD! for the just thou dost provide;
Thou art their sure defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
2 Tho' they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home;
Yet thou, their God, art there.
3 Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas!
4 When waves on waves, to heav'n uprear'd,
Defy'd the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;
5 To thee I rais'd my humble pray'r,
To snatch me from the grave!
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save!
Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And ev'ry wave was still!
7 For this, my life, in ev'ry state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN 21.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

NOW may the God of grace and pow'r
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliv'rance from on high.
2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up;
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts!
4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

HYMN 22.

For the Use of the Sick.

WHEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly:
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.
2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart;
Bethesda's* bath refus'd to save,
Unless an Angel bless'd the wave.
3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when heav'n ordains.
4 Clay and Siloam's† pool, we find,
At heav'n's command restor'd the blind;
And Jordan's‡ waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from ev'ry stain,
And save me from eternal pain.
6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of despair.
7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

* *John* v. 4 † *John* ix. 7.
‡ 2 *Kings* v. 10.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
His blood procur'd for human race
Admittance to the Throne of Grace.
9 When sin has shot his poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.
10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs and make me whole.
11 O! if I trust thy sovereign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 23.

On Recovery from Sickness.

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's* tongue.
2 The gates of the devouring grave,
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them fast again.
3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.
4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.
5 To him I cry'd, "Thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave;
"Thy pow'r is all my trust!"
6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

HYMN 24.

On the same.

MY God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
Restor'd by thine Almighty pow'r,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
To thee I cry'd, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.
3 Wherefore, ye Saints! rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.
4 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day!
5 Then what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse
His praises may for ever live.
6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three,
The one sole Giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

HYMN 25.

Funeral Consolations.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n declares
To those in Christ who die!
"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
"They reign with him on high."
2 Then, why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.
3 If sin be pardon'd we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;

* *Isaiah* xxxix. 9, &c.

The law gave sin its strength and pow'r ;
But Christ, our ransom, died !
4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay ;
And rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
To everlasting day !
5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing ;
" Where is thy victory, O grave ?
" And where, O death, thy sting ?"

HYMN 26.

Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel. St. Matth. chap. x.

GO forth, ye Heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound ;
The glorious Jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove,
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show,
That ye're commission'd from above.
4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 27.

The same Commission, *from St. Mark* xvi. 15, *&c. and from St. Matth.* xxviii. 18, *&c.*

"GO preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
" Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
" Explain to them my sacred Word,
" Bid them believe, obey, and live!
2 " I'll make my great commission known,
" And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
" By all the works that I have done,
" And all the wonders ye shall do.
3 " Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
" Go cast out devils in my name;
" Nor let my prophets be afraid,
" Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
4 " While thus ye follow my commands,
" I'm with you till the world shall end ;
" All pow'r is trusted in my hands ;
" I can destroy, and can defend."
5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode ;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS,

SET FORTH IN

GENERAL CONVENTION, 1808.

HYMN 28.

ADVENT.

The Coming and Office of Christ. Luke iv. 18, 19.

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 29.

EPIPHANY.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times; or, the Revelation of Christ *to Jews and Gentiles.* Isaiah v. 2, 7—10 Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 30.

Christ *dying, rising, and reigning.*

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come saints and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The *Lord* of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!

4 The rising *God* forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains!
6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, instruct and save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
"And where thy victory, O grave!

HYMN 31.

ASCENSION.

Christ's *Ascension* Psalm xxiv 7.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"
3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
5 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN 32.

PENITENTIAL.

The Penitent's Supplication.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 33.

PENITENTIAL.

Jer. lii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.

HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart,
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?
4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 34.

PENITENTIAL.

The Pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—4

HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?
2 Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
3 Thou cov'nant angel, swift come down,
To day, thine own appointments crown;
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
4 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

HYMN 35.

PENITENTIAL.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
5 I would; but thou must give the pow'r;
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear in my poor heart, appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN 36.

The Necessity of renewing Grace.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.
2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
3 Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray
'Tis thine alone to give.
6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 37.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

Matt. xxvi. 41.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 38.

The Joys of Heaven.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.
2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.
5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN 39.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
4 The God that rules on high
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:
5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
7 Yes, and before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
9 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 40.

Time and Eternity. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our heart and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

3 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight:
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
O'ershade the smiling noon.
4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades;
5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 41.

The Christian's Confidence.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:
4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 42.

INVITING.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.
Eccl. ix 4—6, 10.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
6 There are no acts of pardon past,
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 43.

INVITING.

The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

YE humble souls approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.
2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;

But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms:
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise!
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

Hymn 44.

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:
T' improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear:
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to thee, eternal King.
5 I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.
6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight:
Perform like you my Maker's will:
O! may I never more do ill.
7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above y' angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn 45.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.
2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:

Let no ill dream disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
Divine love into me instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.
7 Thought to thought with my soul converse,
Celestial joys to me rehearse;
And in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song
8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, y' angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 46

Paraphrase of the 100th Psalm.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'n our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 47.

Praise to the Redeemer.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour dy'd for me."
5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 48.

Communion with Christ.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heav'n and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.
3 Yet, whilst around this board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy to ev'ry heart.

HYMN 49.

The Lord's Day.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 50.

Preparations for religious Worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 51.

Thine Eyes shall see the King in his Beauty. Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

SHOULD nature's charms to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compar'd with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

3 But ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there (divine employ!)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

HYMN 52

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Hymn 53.

The Seasons crowned with Goodness.

Psalm lxv. 11.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.
2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Thro' all our coast redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Hymn 54.

A Funeral Thought.

HARK! from the tombs, a mournful sound;
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.
2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs!
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
"Must lie as low as ours."
3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb;
And yet prepare no more?
4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Hymn 55.

A Charity Hymn.

LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.
2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the scorn'd and humble station
Shrinks before thine equal sight.
3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:
4 When thine harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.

Chorus.

These thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.

Chorus. These, &c.

6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy ev'ry sorrow sharing
Warms the heart resembling thee.
8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care,
Screen'd by thee in ev'ry danger,
Heard by thee in ev'ry pray'r.

Hallelujah. Amen.

HYMN 56.

At the Ordination or Institution of a Minister

FATHER of mercies! in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows;
Whilst with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprang the *Apostle's* hon-our'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.

4 In lower forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *Teachers* rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.

5 From Christ their varied gifts de-rive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand

6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

7 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know
The spring whence all these bless-ings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 57.

Prayer for Ministers.

FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

¶ Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of divine service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall also be sung.

End of the Hymns.

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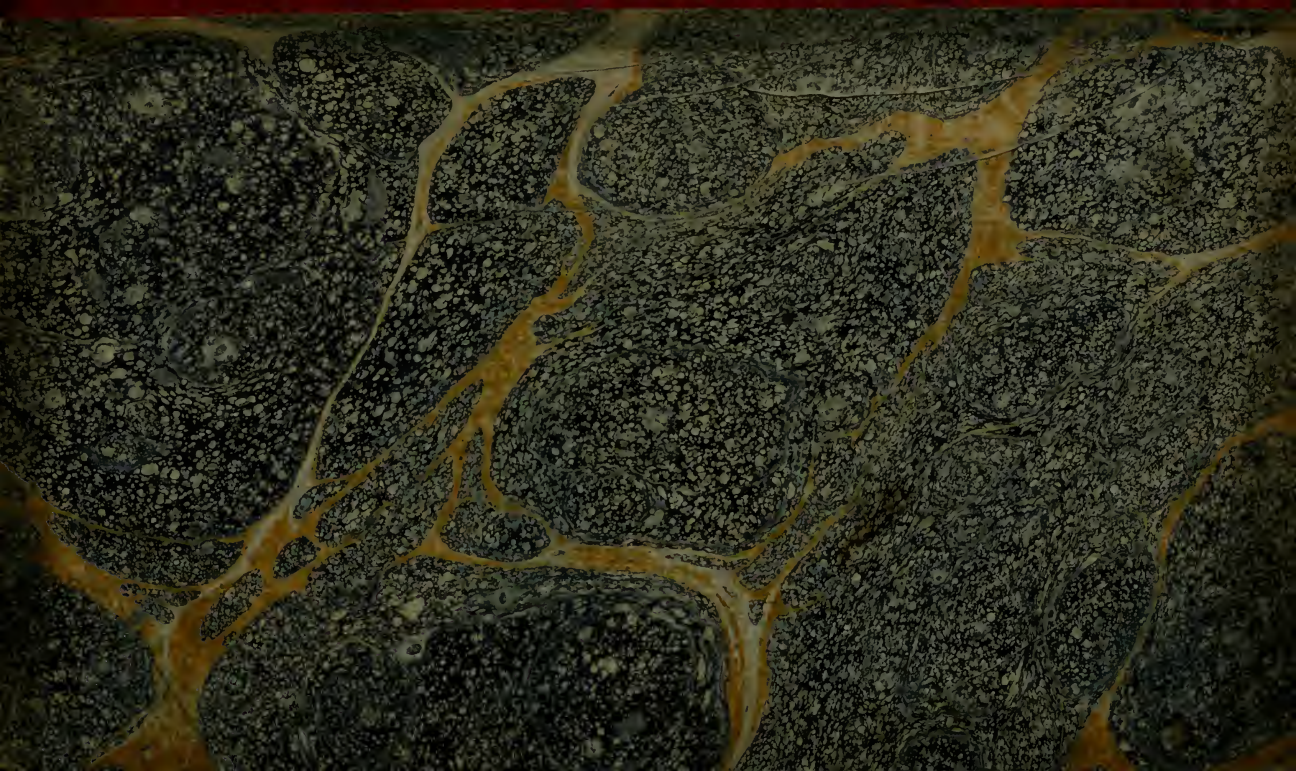
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